EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Washington Union Coal Company.

MARCH, 1925

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VOLUME 2 MARCH, 1925 NUMBER 3

Again, Opportunity

A TRAVELLER from across the big pond once said of the United States, "There is something happening in America all the time." This man was right, and the foundation for what is always "happening" is opportunity. When President Coolidge succeeded to the Presidency, he appointed Mr. C. Bascom Slemp, a millionaire ex-congressman, his secretary. Slemp had wealth, polish, endless acquaintances, and by the way was interested in West Virginia coal mines. A few weeks ago Mr. Slemp resigned to return to the practice of law, and Mr. Everett K. Sanders, a Congressman from Indiana, takes his place.

Who is Sanders? Why was he made secretary, or really from the standpoint of his duties, Assistant President? This brings us back to opportunity which will "get you nowhere" unless you have the courage, the industry and the kick to seize it.

Sanders is another one of those "born in a log cabin" fellows. He first saw light in Clay County, Indiana, a county that skirts the Sullivan County coal field where Will Hays, former cabinet officer and now the "Poo Ba" of the movies, came from. Sanders as a boy lived on a farm, his father farmed, mined coal and preached. The boy worked on the farm and in a store, became a country school teacher, got two years in a State Normal school, married as most hustlers do, taught high school for $55.00 a month and by acting as his own janitor, building fires and sweeping out, he picked up an additional ten cents daily. Saving part of his $55.00 plus, he broke into the State University, taking his wife with him, working his way through by waiting on table and other similar jobs. After his schooling was completed he got into politics, being made Assistant State's Attorney General. Later he was elected to Congress and ran a close second to General Dawes for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Sanders may never have dreamed of standing between the world and the President of the United States, but he evidently made up his mind early in life to get somewhere, some place.

This short sketch of Secretary Sanders was written because he was a "near coal miner," the son of a miner and preacher, (both honorable vocations) and two of his brothers yet work in Indiana mines, one mining coal during the week and taking his father's place in the Baptist Mission Church pulpit at Coalmont, on Sundays. Secretary Sanders may be a cabinet officer before 1926. Of course this is a land of opportunity—for hustlers.

Floyd Collins

THE whole coal mining world and everybody in general, hung breathlessly for nearly three weeks on the news given out by the daily press last month, relative to the imprisonment on January 30th, and the subsequent effort made to rescue Floyd Collins, a man without wife or children and unknown outside his own limited circle of friends. The great State of Kentucky sent its armed militia to Cave City to maintain order, while state officials and volunteer workers strove in vain for eighteen days to rescue Collins. There are many who, versed in mining practice, openly express the opinion that a competent mining man with twenty practical men could have rescued the imprisoned man by enlarging and timbering the crevice through which Collins entered, and through which his friends and the newspaper men travelled for four or five days. Later a shaft was sunk some sixty feet to a point behind the prisoner, reaching him after eighteen days, to find him cold in death, his body left where found after the entrance to his tomb was sealed for eternity.

Common report has it that the state and the volunteer workers failed. It is true that the effort to bring Floyd Collins out alive, or his body dead, failed, but with all the effort made, one inspired by that which is best in humanity paid generous returns, bringing to the top renewed evidence of the fact that all men and women, whatever their station in life, stand with hearts attuned, ready to respond to the cry of "help."

The EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, $1.00 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.

JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

The Sullivan County, Indiana, Mine Explosion

ON February 20th the City Mine, located in Sullivan County, Indiana, exploded, killing 51 men who, it is reported, left behind them 36 widows and 87 children. As this was written the state authorities, working with the representatives of the U. S. Bureau of Mines on the ground, had not announced the causes which led to the explosion; however, from press reports we gather that the state authorities "are disposed to accept the theory that the explosion was caused by the sudden precipitation into the mine of a quantity of gas from an earth pocket, the gas being ignited from a miner's tool or the flare from a worker's lamp." Open lamps were used in the City Mine which, operating in the Number Five seam, had a capacity of 1,000 tons daily. The explosion was violent in character, dislodging much timbering which caused entries and airways to cave, making the recovery of the bodies slow and difficult.

There are yet two schools of thought inside and outside of the coal mines of this country, each of which has its opinions regarding what is necessary to be done in order to mitigate, at least, the loss of life occasioned by coal mine explosions. Within the two classes are mine workers, mine managerial forces and mine owners, plus a sprinkling of outsiders who have their individual theories and at times their selfish interests in mind. One of the two schools is commited to the theory of doing nothing, or at least as little as possible, while the other one looks upon each too frequently recurring mine explosion as a real tragedy that calls for action.

The most unselfish force working today for betterment in the direction of mine safety is the United States Bureau of Mines, a branch of the Department of the Interior, officered and manned by trained engineers who have given years to the study of coal mine explosions, the causes that occasion them, and the preventative measures that should be employed. The Bureau of Mines has knowledge of definite preventative measures but, except in the case of coal mines located on lands leased from the Federal Government, it has no power beyond that of education and persuasion. It can not tell mine owners or mine workers what they must do, only what they should do.

"Stop, look and listen" are familiar signs; let us apply them to our national record of mine explosions, confining ourselves to those in which five or more lives were lost. The recital is challenging; 384 lost in 1902, the top mark until 1907 when, 868 bodies went their several ways to the mine grave yards, the 1907 toll marking the inception of the work of Dr. J. A. Holmes and the Bureau of Mines. Again in 1913 the deaths ran up to 440, gradually falling off to an average of but 46 per year for the four years ending with 1921, when the grim reaper again took up his work with renewed energy, 264 deaths occurring in 1922, 286 in 1923, and a total of 445 in 1924, or the second highest number on record since 1900, a period of 25 years.

We have before remarked that mine safety, like salvation, is largely a "state of mind." There is no half way point in safety work. Each and every one must arrive at the proper state of mind and then act. It is high time to stop quibbling. Bear in mind that we kill four men in our mines per million man days to the one killed in Europe.

Our Recent Legislation

THE past two years have evidenced a marked change in the attitude of the public toward so-called "big business." This change has, perhaps, been best expressed through the altered tone of legislation, introduced as well as passed, by Congress and the state legislatures. In the State of Wyoming certain changes in the mine safety laws and the Workmen's Compensation Fund Law recently became necessary, and some weeks before the Legislature convened committees from the employers' and employes' sides met and quietly and intelligently worked out the necessary changes, all of which were accepted by the law-making body. Men and interests will, at times, differ, and too much complacency kills progress, but the best results are always obtained by the use of the old, old formula, "Come, let us reason together." As the years pass we leave the theory of the scalping knife and the other Indian's forelock farther in the background, and employers and employes are taking on a real business-like attitude in their attempts toward the solution of both labor and legislative affairs.

Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer
North Side Catholic Church, Rock Springs

Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer—In Rock Springs for Fifteen Years—Is Honored on Anniversary

A delegation representing the Protestant business and professional men of Rock Springs called on Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer at Slovenski Dom Hall on the evening of Saturday, the fourteenth, for the purpose of congratulating him on the fifteenth anniversary of his coming to this city and of expressing to him the affection and esteem in which he is held in the city.

Mr. D. G. Thomas was spokesman and, reminding Father Schiffrer that it was St. Valentines Day, he presented him with a handsome watch, "from your fellow-citizens, in appreciation of your services to the community, your unselfish devotion to the things that make for better manhood and womanhood and testifying to the friendship we have for you." Then Mr. Thomas read this appreciation, written in verse by himself and which we print by his permission.

TO REV. ANTON SCHIFFRER
North Side Catholic Church.

You left your rivers and your rills
Singing among your native hills,
And wandered from their matchless powers
To labor in this land of ours;
Exchanging, for these barren plains,
The beauty your old home retains,
To follow great De Smet, whose will
And spirit hovers o'er us still.
You brought sweet comfort in your voice,
And bade the fainting heart rejoice
With that assurance, freely given,
Of rest and peace and hope of Heaven.
For this you left your greener land
To toil among these rocks and sand
And by such kindly, gentle ways
You've won the meed of honest praise.
The obstacles that we surmount
Are not the only things that count,
The worth while things are such as give
The other man a chance to live.
The other wise man gave a drink
Of water to one near death's brink;
And God beheld, and called him blest,
Because he did more than the rest.
And you, sir, pray both day and night
That men should ever walk aright,
Fear God, and not to be afraid
When tempests rage and fond hopes fade.
With gentle voice and lifted hand
You point the way to that fair land,
Which you have shown by word and nod,
To be the dwelling place of God.
We like you for the manly way
You walk among us day by day;
The kindly word, the helping hand
Which all so plainly understand.
Now may the deeds you've done and do,
Return a hundred fold to you;
And may the sun-light's golden beams
Make real the pathway of your dreams.

Mr. Eugene McAuliffe said that he had been glad to accompany the delegation to express the good will and affection of the community for Father Schiffrer. He complimented the community on possessing a citizen like him and the clergy of the city for their spirit of co-operation and their devotion to the common task, regardless of denominational or sectarian lines.

Father Schiffrer was completely taken by surprise, since the group had visited him while he was preparing to direct a play given at the annual dramatic night of the Slovenian people of Rock Springs. But he recovered from his surprise and thanked, through the

(Continued on page 11)

Winter Meeting of the Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute at Denver, Colorado

THAT the Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute is a real live and going institution was clearly demonstrated at the winter session held in Denver, February 16th to 18th, inclusive.

Nearly two hundred members, from all mining districts in the states of New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, gathered and discussed the problems pertaining to and confronting the coal mining fraternity.

The Union Pacific Coal Company was represented by a delegation of eight members from Superior, Winton, Hanna, and Rock Springs.

New and improved methods of mining received a large portion of the time of the opening session in a very interesting paper by Mr. D. A. Stout, Manager, Fuel Department of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The present working of the V system of mining at their Berwind mine and the plans for working the V system on the steeper pitches were described in detail by Mr. Stout.

Increased lump production and the more satisfactory results obtained in blasting were described by Mr. H. Peterson of the Hercules Powder Company in a paper entitled "Permissible Powder and Cushion Shooting."

During the sessions many interesting papers were read and discussed. Probably that of greatest interest and bringing forth most discussion was one by Mr. B. W. Dyer on "The Utah Mining Laws." Mr. Dyer described briefly the ten sections which comprise the new safety code for Utah mines and which the United States bureau of Mines is desirous of making Standard for all coal mining operations. The discussion of this paper brought forth the fact that all operators are not agreed as to the application of these laws, and that many of the Utah operators favor their modification. Discussion also brought out a regrettable scepticism of the efficacy of rock dust and rock dust barriers.

Among the many interesting papers were those on "Cutter Bits," by Mr. J. H. Emrich; "Safety Methods with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company," by F. C. Miller; "Automatic Mine Fan Control," by O. C. Irwin; "The Operation of a Gaseous Mine," by Samuel Tescher; "The Alamo Mine," by E. H. McCleavy; "Oil Competition vs. Coal," by J. P. Woods and Eugene Weber, and "Reducing the Labor Turnover—The Next Forward Step," by Eugene McAuliffe.

Instructive as the sessions were, more sustaining still was the elegant Banquet and Ball at the Albany Hotel the opening night, at which four hundred members and guests were present and which was presided over by the ever brilliant F. Pliney Sharp as Toastmaster. The principal speakers at the Banquet were Mr. J. S. Pyeatt, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, and Dr. Chas. A. Lory, President of the Colorado Agricultural College.

Among the interesting trips planned for visiting members was a visit to the recently completed radio broadcasting station, KOA, of the General Electric Company. Radio fans were shown through, the technical details were described and all departed with a thorough knowledge of just why wave lengths wave and static "stats."

At the closing session Mr. Wm. Littlejohn of Castle Gate, Utah, the retiring President, was tendered an unanimous vote of thanks of the members for his untiring efforts in making the Institute the success it has been during the past year. Mr. Benedict Shubart was again prevailed upon to carry on as Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. J. B. Marks of Denver, Colorado, was elected President for the ensuing year, and Price, Utah, was tentatively selected for the summer session meeting.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

By Jessie McDiarmid

A short time ago I asked a friend what she considered the most remarkable thing about Elizabeth Barrett Browning—the woman—not the most distinguished poetess of her sex that England has produced. My friend said: "Why, the fact that she carried on in spite of years of invalidism, that her ill health seemed only to beautify her spirit, to draw her so close to God that she gave again to others, in her poems, a concept of Him that was strength giving." And I recalled her "round our restlessness, His rest." And her *Cares*. Certainly to those who are wearied, fretted and worried there is no physician like nature as she pictures it here. When our nerves are frazzled and even sleep is unrefreshing we can find no better antidote to the clamorous grind and frenzy of life than the stillness and solitude of hills, streams and tranquil stars. That man lays up for himself resources of strength who now and then exchanges the ledger for green leaves, business for brooks and bird-songs.

CARES

I.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

II.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where the drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth Barrett was the eldest daughter of Edward Mounton-Barrett, who was an English country gentleman, and Mary Graham. She was born at Coxhoe Hall, five miles from the city of Dunham, on March sixth, 1806. In 1809 the family settled in Herefordshire among the Malvern Hills, so it was here in this most beautiful of English country that Elizabeth Barrett grew up. While she was naturally very fragile and delicate, she displayed great precocity and eagerly read books beyond the comprehension of most children. One who knew her intimately, Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," which is always recommended as valuable to anyone studying her poems, described her as being, "a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eye-lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam."

On account of her ill health and the confinement which she suffered, books came to be her greatest pleasure. Her knowledge of Greek was perfect, as well as that of her own language. She read the Greek poets as a child. At eleven she composed an epic poem *The Battle of Marathon*.

In 1826, when she was just twenty years old, she published her first book of poems, *An essay on Mind and Other Poems*, giving evidence of her unusual powers.

A few years later her family moved to London. It was about this time that her health failed. She had had a lung difficulty and a warmer climate was recommended for her. Her favorite brother, Edward Barrett, took her to Torquay. While there he was accidentally drowned. The shock of this and her grief at his loss endangered her life. She was utterly prostrated. But always she wrote.

Now she said:

"Knowledge by suffering entereth, and life is perfected by death."

For seven years she was confined to her room in her father's home. Even here she worked—lived too, but she worked, for as she herself says: "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet." From her room she sent out and published her *Poems*.

In May, 1845, she met Robert Browning, the poet, and in September of the next year they were married—against her father's wishes. She had admired the poet before she met the man, had indeed made some complimentary allusion to him in her *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*. At that time Browning was less well-known than was she. At any rate she, then a woman of mature years, decided the matter for herself. But, though her married life was ideally happy, she always regretted that her reconciliation with her father was never quite complete. They went to Florence, Italy, to live but travelled back and forth frequently, attending to their publishing interests and to meet the other artist men of letters of their day who had similar ideals. In one of her letters Mrs. Browning tells of a delightful two days' visit from Tennyson while they were in London for a few days. We can imagine what a meeting this would be. Mrs. Browning and Tennyson! Robert Browning, too, with his atmosphere of art, his sincerity, his feeling that art is not art that does not uplift, his great love for Mrs. Browning and his tender care of her through all her invalidism!

Mrs. Browning died before her husband had attained public recognition as a man of genius, but that her love for him was a ruling force in her life is evident in many of her poems. Her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, published soon after her marriage are a series of love letters written during her engagement and are considered the finest sonnets of the sort in the English language. I choose these:

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

No. 3

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree!
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

No. 4

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems!
The dancers will break footing, from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fulness at my door,
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin,
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof.

No. 8

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so; not cold,—but very poor instead.
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

No. 12

Indeed this very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,—
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own:
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,—
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!)
Is by thee only, who I love alone.

No. 13

And wilt thou have me fashion into speech
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,
Between our faces, to cast light on each?—
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach
My hand to hold my spirit so far off
From myself—me—that I should bring thee proof
In words, of love hid in me out of reach.
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood
Commend my woman-love to thy belief,—
Seeing that I stand unwon, however wooed,
And rend the garment of my life, in brief,
By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,
Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief.

No. 14

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

No. 15

Accuse me not, beseech thee, that I wear
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine:
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,
As on a bee shut in a crystalline;
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air
Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so. But I look on thee—on thee—
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;
As one who sits and gazes from above,
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

No. 18

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,
I ring out to the full brown length and say,
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday:
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more; it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but love is justified,—
Take it thou, finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

No. 38

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

(Continued on page 8)

Hanna's New School Gymnasium

By R. E. Synder,
Superintendent of Schools, Hanna.

THE people of Hanna, and especially the High School boys, have this year realized the accomplishment of a long felt need in the completion of the new school gymnasium.

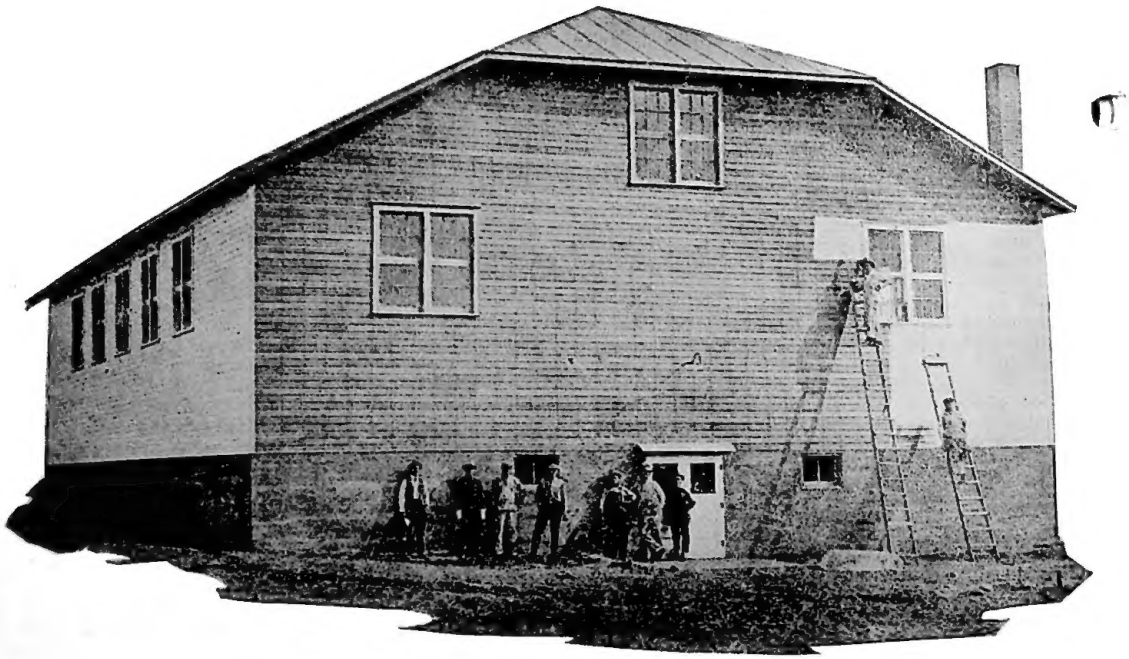
It is a frame building patterned after the Laramie High School gymnasium and erected just north of the new Science Building. The floor is hard maple and regulation size for basket ball. The dressing rooms are large and modern in every respect.

During the past two years Hanna has had a creditable basket ball team, but it has been severely handicapped through lack of a suitable playing floor, a small room down town being the only place available most of the time. In spite of this handicap Hanna last year won forty per cent of the games played. This year they hope to win at least a majority of their games. So far this season they have won five games out of eight games played.

The new gymnasium has also given opportunity for a more adequate physical training program for the schools. All the grades spend from three to five class periods a week in physical training, which gives the pupils a much needed opportunity for body developing exercises and for the enjoyment of the group games which they have never before had, due to lack of playground space or a gymnasium of any sort.

Several basket ball teams have been organized for both boys and girls and interclass games will do much toward developing material for future high school teams, and above all develop the pupils physically so that when school days have ended both body and mind will be better fitted for future life-tasks.

The pupils of the school greatly appreciate the efforts of the townspeople, especially the Board of Education, in securing for them this much desired gymnasium. Not only have the school patrons boosted loyally for a gymnasium during the past years, but they have also liberally patronized all the games played there this year, and the Athletic Association is very grateful to them for making this basket ball season a financial success.



The New School Gymnasium at Hanna

(Photo by courtesy of W. P. Scott, Architect)

(Continued from page 7)

Some critics say that Mrs. Browning's work is uneven, that she wrote on inspiration, and spent little time in polishing and perfecting her work. But her inspirations were sufficiently frequent to win for her the reputation she has ever since retained of the greatest woman poet who has written in the English language. It is often said of her that no writer ever exerted a better, gentler, happier influence. She felt for all who were in any way crushed or bruised by the pressure of life, witness her,

"But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath,"

from the *Cry of the Children*, a protest against the employment of little children in the factories of Great Britain.

Wyoming Coal

By L. T. Dee, President, Superior - Rock Springs Coal Company

WHAT becomes of all this coal mined in and about Rock Springs? Did you ever stop to think that besides furnishing the heat energy necessary to drive the huge Union Pacific engines over a thousand miles of mountains and plains, this same coal from Rock Springs warms many homes from Omaha to Portland and turns the wheels of industrial plants from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast?

There are, in this field, two classes of operators—The Union Pacific Coal Company on the one hand, and the several independent companies, or "Independents," as they are called, on the other. All of the coal produced by The Union Pacific Coal Company is turned directly to the various railroad uses, while the independent companies not only supply large quantities of coal to the railroad but also ship coal for commercial and domestic uses quite generally to the western states.

"The story of coal" from the time when the earth was covered with rank, verdant vegetation and trees, in size and density beyond our imagination, among which wandered huge, ungainly, ugly creatures, through the various geological eras—thousands, even millions of years—down to the present time, is one of enthralling interest. And yet, our modern-day story of coal is just as interesting and allows as great a play of the imagination.

With the clang of a bell and the rush and roar of a hoist there appears at the mine mouth a trip of coal, bright, shiny, on its way to serve the purpose for which a wise Creator placed it beneath these mountains millions upon millions of years ago when the earth was young. Over the tipple it goes, to be screened into various sizes, and to start on its journey to some distant place where it shall attend the wishes of man. A long ride by day and by night, clicking hurriedly over the rails, and in the morning, the car at its destination, is placed in the coal dealer's yard and he is glad because he has fifty tons of good Rock Springs coal—"the cleanest coal in the world"—to supply his customers.

Perhaps it is the man with millions who lives in a mansion equipped with a large heating plant, or again it may be the small home-owner in whose house the family gathers each evening about the cheerful stove, who calls the coal dealer asking for Rock Springs coal. At any rate, by wagon or auto truck, the dealer sends out his Rock Springs coal, finding satisfied customers and making friends.

So Rock Springs coal goes to the home-owners along the Union Pacific from Omaha to Ogden and from Granger to Portland, and along the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific from Ogden or Salt Lake City to San Francisco. In this territory served, competition with coal from other districts must be met and freight rates are often a limiting factor, for the longer the haul the higher becomes the freight rate.

Besides its use in the home and upon the railroad, this coal is a favorite for industrial purposes and many heating plants and light plants, sugar mills and mines throughout the West consume large quantities of it. It burns with a long, hot flame, and in burning makes very little smoke and leaves virtually no ash. Because of these features it is a desirable coal for use in the home, where cleanliness is so essential, and in the industrial plant, where the elimination of soot and the disposition of ashes and clinkers is so important.

So the modern story of coal, a story of human energy and organization, wonderful mechanical devices, transportation marvels, the satisfying of man's wants and desires, is as interesting as that old, old story of coal, and fills our imaginations with pleasant thoughts and our hearts with gratitude, for we are helping to serve mankind and to make him more contented, satisfied and happy. From the thriving town of Rock Springs as a center, each year the spirit of service is radiated out to every spot where the product of the mines is used, for the golden rule of service means doing something good for your fellow man, and in whatever capacity we may be working for the advancement of the Rock Springs coal district we are serving mankind in a manner of which we may be proud, and our vocation is one of satisfaction.

Planting Young Fish up North in Sublette County

By M. W. Medill

FISH in the North Country! There is sport in planting young fish, that is, if you like it. If you don't you better let the other fellow do it.

Last year, on the 25th of April, we received word that an allotment of young fish would be in on No. 3 from Laramie. Then everybody got busy. We happened to locate Pat Healy, truck driver, freighting from Rock Springs to Pinedale. He said he would take up the fish for us, so we hired him, as there is no time to lose with young fish. So far, so good. But where should the fish be planted? We came to the conclusion the road was too bad to go to the Sweetwater country or to Little and Big Sandy, but Jack Parkington, who has a ranch on Big Sandy, said that we could get to Big Sandy by way of Sand Springs, which was thirty-five miles round-about, over the little Muddy, then over the Ridge Road to his place on Big Sandy. Mr. Parfitt and myself volunteered to go along, and when No. 3 pulled in at 11:30 P. M. we were on hand and started north with the fish. We drove for seven hours by motor and landed at Big Sandy at 7:00 A. M. Then we had to get a team from Parkington's ranch to get the fish to the river on account of snow in the valley. By 9:00 A. M. we had the fish planted in the back water of a beaver dam. We rested until 4:00 P. M., then coming back by the way of Elkhorn, we reached there without any trouble. Leaving Elkhorn at 5:00 P. M., we arrived at Eden Hotel, a distance of twenty-seven miles, at 10:10 P. M. For the rest of the way we had good roads and got to Rock Springs at 12:30 A. M. This was my first experience in planting fish.

The next allotment was received in May. Our friend, Blutch, with truck, and Ed. Dunn took up the fish. Mr. Schwiering and myself following up in another car. Some of these fish were planted in Boulder Creek, some in Pole Creek, the rest were taken to Pinedale. There Mr. James and Ranger McKee met us and helped plant the balance in Pine Creek. We had breakfast at Fardy Hotel, where you will find the best Rocky Mountain cook that ever cooked. In the morning, we went out and caught some fish to take home with us.

The third allotment came in June. This was taken up north by our friends, Dutch Heikes, H. H. Hamblin and Ed. Dunn, and they started for Dutch Joe Creek up in the Sandy opening country, but could not reach there on account of bad roads, so those fish were planted in Squaw Creek above Leckie ranch.

The next three allotments were turned over to Ranger McKee for the Fremont Lake Country. One allotment was taken up in the Green River country by Bert Hill. The August allotment was taken up by Howard Young and Renie and planted in little Sandy.

There were one million five hundred thousand young fish planted in our North Country last summer by the Wyoming League, Lions Club, Forest Ranger McKee and Bert Hill, and local sportsmen who donated their trucks.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We are glad to print this account of how the fish from the Federal and State Hatcheries are taken up to our northern lakes and creeks. Mr. M. W. Medill is President of the local chapter of the Izaac Walton League of America which pledges its members to do their best to preserve for postority the outdoor America of our ancestors.

Standardization
"Quality and Economy Consistent With Safety"
By F. V. Hicks

FOLLOWING the announcement of The Union Pacific Coal Company of a Standardization program, the natural question in the minds of a great many people is; how far can such a program be carried, to what is it applicable, and what are the benefits to be derived?

To attempt the application of Standardization in its strictest interpretation would necessarily mean the adoption of one particular type of equipment, apparatus, or method for each particular installation or operation. It might also be interpreted as meaning that much useful and efficient equipment now in use would be junked immediately for newer and more modern equipment.

It is evident that an old and long established concern must have a variety of equipment and a diversity of practice, resulting from long operation under various managements and subdivisions of management, which the operation necessitates, making the above measures impracticable. There are, however, many possibilities from Standardization.

Harrison Emerson has likened Standardized practice to a ratchet, which holds everything gained without in any way retarding further progress. One man starts where his predecessor leaves off without having to spend time re-solving a problem that has once been solved.

Standardized practice is developed in several ways; first, by a determination of what present practice is; second, by a study of the work to be done; third, by evolution or selection from the best previous performance; fourth, by the work and experience of others. As a last essential it is necessary that the Standard as finally evolved be incorporated in a manual of Standards to be preserved until something better is found.

Absolute standards can never be established, else there would be no further call for the exercise of man's ingenuity, with the result that stagnation and non-progressiveness would follow.

It might at first appear that Standardized practice is an innovation, and in many ways it is, but upon reflection it will be noted that consciously or unconsciously a great many Standards have already been adopted.

Accounting and office work has been completely standardized by the use of forms, specializing the work of each accountant, and placing each operation on the same basis in its reckoning of cost per ton, which is an essential for comparison of work performed and results obtained.

With the mining machines, while no particular type has been selected, the various types have been segregated among the various operations, resulting in a reduction of repair stocks maintained at each camp, and making repairs as well as operation more simple by familiarizing the workman with but a single type.

In many metal mines Standardized shot placement has long been in practice. The condition that has no doubt prompted this is, that the operator buys the explosive and naturally wants the maximum advance or tonnage possible per pound of powder. Such a practice applied to coal mining, each condition having its variations, would result in advantages to both operator and miner. An observing mine foreman, if asked which of the workmen under his supervision uses the best judgment in the use of powder and the placing of holes, judgment based on the amount and quality of coal broken and yardage made, might give the names of half a dozen or more men. Again he might give the names of a greater number who never successfully shoot their coal but spend hours each day doing work that a well placed shot would not have necessitated. "Time is money," or should be, and no operator can afford to have men about doing useless work, and no miner should object to any attempt made to lessen useless labor when the time so utilized might be spent more advantageously to himself and his employer.

Another feature of Standardization is its close relationship to Safety. It will be noted that many of the Safety features have been Standardized. Rock dust barriers of the V type have been selected, many other types having been tried and found to be not quite as suitable for all conditions.

The Edison Type E Mine Light has been chosen as the Standard for all mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company. By the selection of one type of charging equipment, interchange of lamps to meet emergencies within the various operations is simplified as well as reducing spare stock to a minimum.

The use of black powder and fuse has been eliminated and permissible explosives and electric detonators are used entirely. Here again is Standardization instituted as a Safety measure. In fact, the Safety features that are involved would seem to justify the attempt to Standardize, as the one and first question asked in the consideration of any proposed standard practice has been; "Is it safe?" If this question can be answered in the affirmative, the further consideration of the proposed standard is in order.

It is desired and expected that Standardization will bring about a more uniform practice, with a better quality of workmanship, economy, and Safety in and about the mines. This program, while not instituted as a Safety measure, must necessarily conform to it, and as the slogan of all Safety work is "SAFETY FIRST," so the slogan of Standardization might be "QUALITY AND ECONOMY CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY."

Swellitis

Somebody said he'd done it well,
And presto! his head began to swell;
Bigger and bigger the poor thing grew—
A wonder it didn't split in two.
In size a balloon could scarcely match it;
He needed a fishing-pole to scratch it;—
But six and a half was the size of his hat,
And it rattled around on his head at that!

"Good work," somebody chanced to say,
And his chest swelled big as a load of hay.
About himself, like a rooster, he crowed;
Of his wonderful work he bragged and blowed
He marched around with a peacock strut;
Gigantic to him was the figure he cut;—
But he wore a very small-sized suit,
And it hung on him, to boot!

HE was the chap who made things hum!
HE was the drumstick and the drum!
HE was the shirt bosom and the starch!
HE was the keystone in the arch!
HE was the axis of the earth!
Nothing existed before his birth!
But when he was off from work a day,
Nobody knew that he was away!

This is a fact that is sad to tell:
It's the empty head that is bound to swell;
It's the light-weight fellow who soars to the skies,
And bursts like a bubble before your eyes.
A big man is humbled by honest praise,
And tries to think of all the ways
To improve his work and do it well;—
But a little man starts of himself to yell!

JOSEPH MORRIS.

Saint Patrick, Patron Saint of Ireland

EVERYBODY knows that the seventeenth day of March is St. Patrick's day, that Irishmen wear a shamrock or bit of green on that day and that Saint Patrick is the patron Saint of Ireland. Most of us have heard tales about him, many of them conflicting stories. He was born in Scotland. He was born in Italy. He rid Ireland of snakes. He is a mythical figure. He worked miracles of healing. Few of us realize that he was a heroic and consecrated missionary and so successful a one that Ireland, because of his teaching, accepted the Christian religion from end to end.

The Catholic Encyclopedia gives, perhaps, the most authentic information about him. From it we learn that he was born at Kilpatrick in Dumbarton, Scotland, in the year 387, where are still retained many memorials of him. His parents belonged to a Roman family of high rank. In his sixteenth year, Patrick was carried off into captivity by Irish marauders and was sold as a slave to a chieftian named Milchu in Dalaradia, a territory of the present county of Antrim in Ireland, where for six years he tended his master's flocks in the valley near the modern town of Ballymena. In the ways of Providence the six years of Patrick's captivity became a remote preparation for his future missionary life. He acquired a knowledge of the Celtic tongue (that used in Ireland) in which he would one day tell his story as a Christian missionary and as his master Milchu was a Druidical priest, he became familiar with all the details of Druidism, a pagan religion, from whose bondage he was destined to liberate the Irish race.

He escaped back to Britain, and after some years, during which he was engaged as a missionary assistant to Germain, he was sent, accompanied by Segetius, the priest, to Celestine, Pope of Rome, by whom he was taught and blessed and sent to Ireland as a missionary.

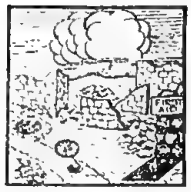
It was probably during the summer months of the year 433, that Patrick and his companion landed at the mouth of the Vantry River close to Dicklon Head. The Druids were at once in arms against him. But Patrick was not disheartened. The intrepid missionary resolved to search out a more friendly territory in which to enter on his mission. First of all, however, he proceeded toward Dalaradia, where he had been a slave, to pay the price of ransom to his former master, and in exchange for the servitude and cruelty endured at his hands, to impart to him the blessings and freedom of God's children. It is little wonder that such courage and fearless devotion to his cause won Ireland to the Christian religion.

(Continued from page 5)

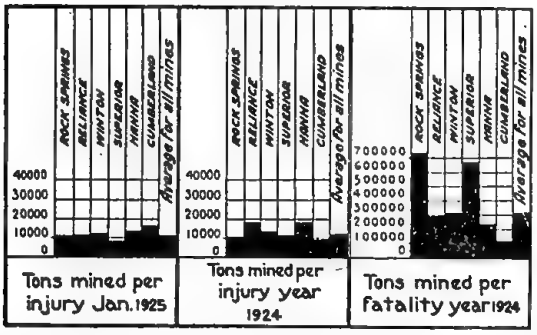
delegation, his friends in Rock Springs who had remembered him so kindly. He spoke of his early struggles, but said that he'd always found that there was much of good in the worst folks and something of bad in the good folks; that he did not feel that he had accomplished what he'd like to but that he had done what he could and had never seen anyone to whom he had not found it worth while to give his best. How much his best and he, himself, his unostentatiousness and his good citizenship, are appreciated he perhaps does not realize. Like the rest of the strong and big men of any community, he is too busy to learn. It was right that the community should seek him out and try to tell him.

Why Men Get Married

Make It Safe



Our Accident Record—1924



A complete compilation of the accident records for the year 1924 shows that gratifying results have been attained, and that the campaign against injuries by the company and by the men themselves is producing the desired results.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an announcement by the Bureau of Mines showing the death rate from mining operations to be 4.3 per million tons throughout the entire United States. During the year 1924, The Union Pacific Coal Company produced 2,821,678 tons of coal with 9 fatal accidents, or at the rate of 3.19 deaths for each million tons produced. This, you will readily see, is much better than the average throughout the United States, while it is doubtful if our natural conditions which tend to make coal production safe could be considered average. Our high coal seams, steep pitches and bad shale roofs all tend to create natural dangerous conditions which must be constantly guarded against, and against which every one must be ever alert.

It might also be mentioned here that in the nine fatalities mentioned above are included two deaths which were only remotely due to mining operations, occurring directly from natural causes, but so traceable to accidents received while at their occupations that they are included in our lists.

During the preceding year (1923) the company average showed much greater than the average for the United States, the former being 4.92 and the latter 3.72 deaths per million tons. These figures show most conclusively what has been accomplished during the year just passed. Not only have the fatal accidents been greatly decreased, but the non-fatal and minor accidents show a proportionate reduction.

Our face accidents and falls of loose top coal and rock still show far too great a number, however. These injuries can and will be reduced by a more careful supervision on the part of the underground officials and greater alertness on the part of the miner.

Accidents due to pit cars and haulage are also far too numerous. These can only be brought to an irreducible minimum by better track laying methods and more care on the part of the men engaged in handling cars.

As long as coal is produced we must expect a certain number of injuries because of the inherent dangers of the occupation. But not until every operation is conducted with the constant thought of the attendant danger and the means of avoiding this danger, will we have reached our goal.

"THINK" to "MAKE IT SAFE."

Mine Ventilation

By J. V. McClelland

IN the early days of coal mining very little attention was given to ventilation. All workings being close to the outcrop, explosive gases were so seldom encountered. When an explosive gas was encountered the danger of an explosion was minimized because there was seldom sufficient air to form an explosive mixture. In case large quantities of gas were continually met with, the workings, usually small in extent, were abandoned and a new opening made in a different location. The adoption of the steam engine in all industries created an increased demand for coal. This greater demand for coal naturally led to deeper and more extensive workings, requiring new methods of ventilation. Often, for want of proper air in these workings, candles would not burn, and men were unable to work. Relief was attempted by hanging a fire lamp in the shaft at night in order to clear the workings by the next morning.

This rather crude method was a step forward, and might be considered the forerunner of the use of a furnace for ventilation. The first furnaces used usually consisted of a small grate in the side of the upcast shaft in which a fire was irregularly kept by occasionally throwing a few lumps of coal into it. This in time gave way to the well constructed furnace located at the bottom of the upcast shaft. In case the mine gave off large quantities of explosive gas the return air was conducted to the air shaft by means of a dumb drift to avoid passing over the fire. Fresh air for the fire was taken from the intake by means of a separate split.

Other means to provide the necessary air currents were the bellows; hopper construction at the top of the downcast shaft into which blew the force of air on the surface; the water fall; the air pump; heated air pipe or cylinder; and the steam jet. The air pump was crudely built and capable of drawing about 8,000 cubic feet of air per minute. These pumps were used rather extensively in the Welsh collieries about 1850.

The steam jet was rather extensively used at one time, and its merits as compared with furnace ventilation were much discussed. It consisted of a pipe line through which live steam was carried to the bottom of the shaft where it was released to heat the air.

The water fall was used at mines where water was abundant. A stream was led to a closed box placed in the shaft and so broken up in its descent that currents were caused to enter the box and mix with the water and were thus carried to the shaft bottom. This accumulation of air produced a pressure which forced the air through the mine workings. The objection to this lay in getting rid of the water. This was accomplished cheaply and easily only when a drainage tunnel could be used. The steam jet and water fall are no longer in general use, but are relied upon to some extent in emergency cases or in shaft sinking.

Nasmyth built his first ventilation fan in 1851. This fan was built on the same principle as the centrifugal fan of today. Improvements on this fan have continually been made, and its superiority over furnaces as a means of ventilation has caused it to come into general use. The use of furnaces is now confined almost entirely to very small operations, or to new properties still in the development stage.

In the original system of ventilation the air current was passed continuously throughout the mine workings, making in the case of old mines a considerable distance to travel. Mention is made of one English mine where the air traveled 40 miles in one current before reaching the surface. It was not until 1850 that the splitting of air was attempted. Credit for splitting the air current belongs largely to Hopton, who advocated this means to better ventilation long before it was attempted. Failure of mine managers to recognize the advantages of splitting the air caused Hopton to conclude that "if the route extended as far from the downcast through the workings to the upcast, as one end of the river Nile is far away from the other, go it must, if only it can travel."

January Accidents

Driller—Had finished drilling a hole and was pulling drill from hole when it slipped from his hand, dropping on foot and severely lacerating great toe.

Blaster—Was assisting motorman to rerail a car. While placing the rerailer under car the car slipped, catching right hand, severely crushing it.

Miner—Was following car up the room as driver was pulling it to face. Mule turned and started down room, and as car derailed in some manner miner had his leg caught beneath car.

Machine-man—Was making a block for the mining machine with an axe. Handle caught in trouser leg, causing blade to strike him, lacerating left wrist.

Rope-runner—In jumping off moving trip struck telephone box at entry.

[illegible]er—While pushing side of car at frog car partially ran over foot, bruising toes.

Machine Helper—While cutting room a piece of rock fell, striking him on back and leg.

Loader—Was riding down the room on the rear bumper of a loaded car. Car derailed, knocking out timber, causing a small piece of rock to fall, striking him on arm.

Timberman—Was setting a cross bar—cross bar rolled over, catching finger between cross bar and leg.

Car Trimmer—Was trimming car, when a piece of coal fell from conveyor on Joy loader, bruising fingers on left hand.

Miner—Was rerailing empty car. In some manner while lifting car, sprained ligaments of his back.

Miner—Was picking down some loose top coal. A piece fell and struck his ankle.

Miner—Was shoveling under a loose pile of rock. He had taken all the coal from beneath the rock, causing a piece of the rock to roll off the top, injuring his leg.

The Conqueror

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone over $300,000,000 each year.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year.

I am relentless, I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at the railroad crossing, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet [illegible] seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush and maim. I give nothing, but take all.

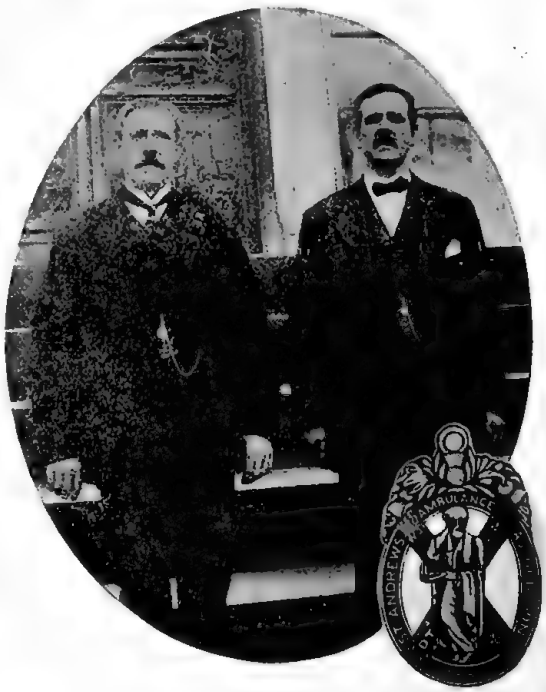
I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

With the First Aid Men and Clubs

George Smith—Old Time Rock Springs First Aider

MR. GEORGE SMITH, treasurer of the First Aid Club of Rock Springs, was present at the organization meeting for First Aid work held in this district in 1910. He was one of the first instructors, having taken the first aid course of the St. Andrews Ambulance Association in Scotland, previous to his coming to this country. He recalls times when there were eighty men practicing in the Rock Springs First Aid Hall.



Geo. Smith, treasurer First Aid Club Rock Springs and his brother James Smith of Hamilton Scotland -- Picture taken in Scotland when Mr. Smith visited his old home last summer. Medal of the St. Andrews Ambulance Association won by Mr. George Smith in Dreghorn, Ayrshire, Scotland in 1882.

Mr. Smith visited his old home last summer and found many interesting changes in the village and in the methods of mining coal, but he found that First Aid was still being taught and its value appreciated more than ever.

Mr. Ben Dowell, President Rock Springs Club, Goes to Washington

The Rock Springs Club has lost its popular president, who was elected last October to his second term of office, in the departure of Mr. Ben Dowell for Centralia, Washington. Before he left, Mr. Dowell was the guest of honor at a smoker and supper given by the Club, when he was presented with a handsome travelling bag in token of the esteem in which he is held by the members and their good wishes as he goes to his new home.

One Thousand Books!

The First Aid Library of Hanna with Messrs. Joe Woods, John Penny and A. H. Boyce of the First Aid Club.

TEN cents for a card that entitles the holder to ten books, for an entrance fee to the fraternity of book-lovers—to books and the world at your fireside with its history, its politics, its heroes, its great men and women, its great thoughts, its religions and philosophies, its color and romance, the things that play upon the spirit! This is what the First Aid Club of Hanna has provided for its membership.

Away back in 1915 the First Aid Library was formed with the following officers: James Buckley, President; R. Barrie, Secretary. The townspeople were solicited for help in starting the library. Messrs. Frank Manley, General Manager; W. D. Brennan, Asst. General Manager, and G. B. Pryde, then General Superintendent, all helped and a good start was made. Now the library contains more than one thousand books. Three members of the Club volunteer their services in keeping open three nights a week.

Practice night at the First Aid Club of Hanna—getting ready to do themselves proud at the next First Aid meet. Messrs. Jack Crawford, President; Joe Maxon, John Kelly, C. L. Johnson, Jas. Hecvine, T. Meekin, J. Meekin, W. Allstom, T. Edwardson, J. Penny, J. Termelia, J. Leese, J. Woods, J. Bamber. A wonderfully congenial crowd, they are almost unanimous—even in the matter of initials.

Information Wanted

THE wise Polonius taught us the waste of time to argue facts. Yet does the inquisitive world delight to inquire why night is night and day, day. There is nothing too trifling to give pleasure to some of our moods and there are times when it seems to us of the highest importance that the purport or significance of some small thing be carefully sought out and established. All of which suggests that we inquire, apropos First Aid doings and meetings, if anyone has found out why Mr. Thomas Gibson, dean of First Aid, went around with swollen lips not so very long ago. Someone told us that, at a First Aid celebration in Cumberland, he announced that he had kissed all the ladies present—or promised to, or threatened to, as you will. We didn't see him do it but we do know that he went about with lips that were quite evidently the worse for some sort of wear for a good while after the Cumberland celebration. Mr. Gibson seemed to hold some other gentleman responsible, in part, for his peculiar condition—for sharing his burdens or joys or something. We were unable to learn how or to what extent.

Mr. Clifford S. Dickinson Helps

Congratulations are offered to Mr. Clifford S. Dickinson of Hanna, who tendered first aid to the injured victims of an interurban wreck in Oakland, California, in November. Mr. Dickinson was riding in the rear car when the accident occurred and at once rendered assistance to the unfortunate ones who were badly hurt. This is the second time Mr. Dickinson has helped in a wreck of this description. He is a competent First Aid lecturer and has the ability and presence of mind to practice first aid when the need arises, however trying the circumstances.

Coal Mine Disasters in 1924 Killed 2,381

Washington, Feb. 3.—Coal mine accidents cost the lives of 2,381 men in 1924, which, although representing a decrease of seventy-seven from the 1923 total, showed a death rate of 4.27 per million tons produced compared with 3.74 for the preceding year.

These figures, made public by the Bureau of Mines, will be brought to the attention of the forthcoming Mine Safety conference called by President Coolidge, which will be attended by governors of the twenty-four coal producing states.

"Boys" interrogated the Sunday-school teacher, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?"

"Well, Thomas," encouraged the teacher as a bright boy raised his hand.

Thomas stood proudly up.

"'No man can serve two masters'," he quoted.

—Western Home Monthly.

Engineers' Department

How An Alternating Current is Generated

By D. C. McKeehan

THE fundamental principle which led to the invention of the electric generator was discovered by Michael Faraday, an English chemist and physicist, in 1830.

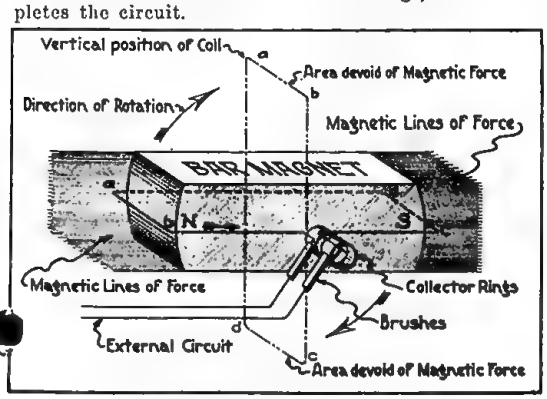
Preceding his discovery was one of great moment made by Oersted, a Danish physicist who discovered the relationship existing between magnetism and electricity, which was that a magnetic needle or compass was deflected by a current in a wire passing either above or below it. Today this principle is used to determine the direction of flow of a direct current.

Faraday discovered that if a wire be moved to cut a field of magnetism, such as exists at the ends of a bar magnet, that an electro-motive force will be generated in the wire. A current so generated in the moving wire is called an induced current, formerly called "faradic" to distinguish it from a steady flow of current given off by a battery.

The term "faradic" implied an alternating current, that is, one which flows in one direction, then reverses and flows in the opposite direction at regular intervals.

To study the action of a magnetic field upon a moving conductor let us look at the accompanying diagram which shows a bar magnet, one end of which is a north or positive pole, and the other end a south or negative pole, marked as "N" and "S". A wire loop surrounds the magnet and is free to revolve in the direction indicated by the large arrow. The ends of the loop are attached to collector rings shown as small circles, and upon these rest brushes which provide a sliding contact to convey the current to the external circuit. As the loop cuts the magnetic lines radiating from the ends of the magnet an electro-motive force is generated in the loop.

That part of the loop passing the north pole will have an electro-motive force generated in it flowing from "a" to "b", toward the reader and to the inside collector ring as shown by the small arrow. Simultaneous with this action an electro-motive force is being generated in that part of the loop passing the south pole which flows from "c" to "d", away from the reader. The sides of the loop generate equal electro-motive forces and are additive. The external circuit is connected to the collector rings, which completes the circuit.



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Sanitary Engineering

By W. W. Jones

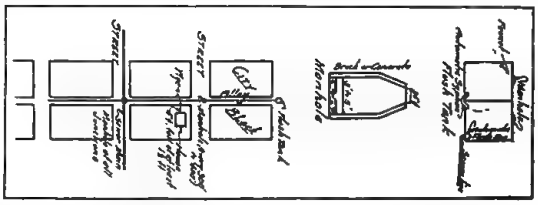
SEWAGE is that matter which is carried off by a system of sewers. Sewerage is the name given to a system which disposes of sewage. Water, through the efforts of the engineer, is placed at the community's disposal in a pure and wholesome condition. While serving the community, this water becomes foul and laden with disease germs. Again the engineer is called upon to dispose of this sewage. There are three classes of sewage:

1. Storm sewage.
2. Domestic sewage.
3. Industrial sewage (found in the larger cities).

Each of the three classes of sewage requires special attention from the engineer in its disposal.

Sewers are placed underground to prevent possible spread of disease due to leakage, to protect them from breakage, and possibly for aesthetic reasons. The pollution or actual impurities carried in the pipes of the system has been found to be about .1% of the total amount of sewage. The sewer pipes are laid in the alleys of a city because it is closer to the rear of the house from the alley than from the street, and alleys are generally not paved until after the sewers are installed, while the streets may be paved previous to the installation of the sewerage system. The alleys are not travelled as much as the streets, which is quite an item in locating a sewer, for traffic hinders repairs on sewer systems considerably.

Flush tanks are placed at the upper end of each lateral sewer line and automatically flush the lower lines with water. These flush tanks operate once a day in some cases, and in others once an hour with an average practice of once every four to five hours.



Flush tanks vary in capacity from 500 gallons to 1,000 gallons. Manholes, other than those at the flush tank, should be located every 300 feet to 400 feet in the sewer line. When the sewer line is laid, Wye's are put in every 25 feet to care for future connections, and to avoid the necessity of breaking the pipe to make an entrance.

Sewers should be not less than eight feet below the surface of the ground in order to furnish the proper drainage slope from the house to the lateral. Lateral lines should not be smaller than 8 inches in diameter, and the main lines for the average case should not be smaller than 20 inches in diameter. This practice varies with the number of laterals contributing to the main. Although six inch laterals are often used, the small increase in price by using eight inch pipe is more than offset by the 75% increase in carrying capacity.

The process of dilution is the most common method employed for the disposal of sewage. The first problem in planning a sewerage system is to determine the point of disposal. This point of disposal must be so

chosen as to afford proper drainage for the system, and due consideration must be given to the effects suffered by inhabitants farther down stream. A sewer outlet depreciates the value of adjoining property within a radius of 300 feet.

Colorado towns are located on the headwaters of their sources of water supply, and consequently no sewage disposal systems or water purification plants are required. Courts have held that sewage must be purified to the extent of preventing a nuisance. It has been found that the effect of one cubic foot of sewage diluted in fifty-five cubic feet of water, flowing with a velocity of five feet per second has been noticed at a distance of three and one-half miles down stream.

Depth of stream	Velocity of stream	Time of travel	Dilution, Sewage to water, cu. ft.	Distance down-stream effect noticed
25'	5' per second	1 hr.	1-55	3½ mi.
10'	sluggish	6 hr.	1-800	4 mi.

Treatment of Sewage

Sewage used to be treated with a series of screens, both rotary and sliding, but this practice has been lost. In recent years nine different methods have come into practice in the treatment of sewage. The nine systems in the order of their importance are:

1. Sedimentation.
2. Precipitation.
3. Septic Tanks.
4. Imhoff Tank.
5. Activated Sludge.
6. Intermittent Filtration.
7. Irrigation.
8. Contact Beds.
9. Sprinkling Filters.

The first four are classed as preliminary processes, the last four as final processes, and the Activated Sludge process is between the two classes. The sedimentation process is merely a method employing settling basins. The precipitation process makes use of alum and other chemical compounds. Milwaukee, with a population of over 100,000, uses the activated sludge process for the treatment of sewage. The irrigation process is the only theoretically perfect system. Of 555 plants over the country, 275 were Septic tanks, 37 Imhoff tanks, 30 Sedimentation tanks, and the remaining 213 were combinations of the different systems. Twenty-three cities in the United States make use of the Irrigation process. This type is only found in southern and warmer climates.

Treatment of sewage has been perfected to such an extent that the refuse may be treated until it is as pure as rain. In New York City, the sewage after treatment is purer and contains less disease germs than the water drawn from the faucets in certain parts of the city.

Sewers are of two classes; combined and separate. The combined system of sewers carries storm and domestic sewage through the same pipe. The separate system has separate lines of pipes for storm and domestic sewage. Each has its own advantages as well as its disadvantages. The separate system calls for the use of smaller pipes. The combined system cares for all the sewage of both classes in the same pipe and lowers the first cost and maintenance.

When a sewer system is designed provision should be allowed for a growth of thirty years to care for any great increase in the use of the system. Storm sewers are more difficult to design, in order to care for all conditions, than are the sanitary sewers. Due to the great amount of run-off or surface drainage in the business districts, the storm sewers are most essential in these localities.

A Confession and a Correction

LAST November, while travelling across the broad State of Nebraska, our thoughts ran to the quantitative, and visions of cubes, spheres, rhomboids, hexagons and other equally complex figures came into our mind, with the result that the column of "Useful Facts," published on page 11 of the December Magazine was evolved. Certain things, such as "Twice two equals four," and "The area of a circle is obtained by multiplying the square of the diameter by .7854," we thought we knew too well to forget; the dope on metric measurements, heat and force, weight of gases, etc., we left for reference to a hand book.

Happy in the belief that our "facts" were right, a miner, Mr. Lawrence Whitworth, Number Three Mine, Winton, woke us up by saying to our Safety Engineer, "Who shortened the rule for obtaining the area of a circle by suggesting multiplying the diameter instead of the square of the diameter by .7854?" Captain John A. Smith said he did not know, perhaps the Einstein theory had revised all elementary mathematics and went on down the street. Later he reported Mr. Whitworth's question to the writer, hence this correction and confession.

(Continued from preceding page)

When the loop assumes a vertical position (quarter turn), as shown by the dotted line, the electro motive force will decrease to zero value, as the loop is outside the influence of the magnetism and no lines are being cut. Now, by revolving another quarter of a turn, the side "a-b" will be opposite the south pole. The direction of the electro-motive force will be from "b" to "a", away from the reader, just the reverse of what it was in the first case. In other words, as the sides of the loop pass opposite poles the direction of the current reverses in the loop. This accounts for the alternating current that flows first in one direction, decreases to zero value and then flows in the opposite direction. This principle underlies the action of practically all electrical machinery in use today.

The method of changing the alternating to a direct current will be discussed in a later issue.

How 'Twas Done

Sunny Spain and Mexico, too, have nothing on us.
We claim more distinction
Merciful extinction of bulls—
No fuss.

This neighborly critter outstayed his welcome,
His fodder and upkeep showed way in the red.
Nobody seemed to know how'n 'elleum.
The live stock custodian wished he was dead.

Thumbs down! they all cried.
Down the canyon he goes.
Bring on the butcher, whom everyone knows
Would relish this chore on the side.

This crafty old settler, wise was he.
Used to modern methods up-to-date.
They're getting that way here of late.
Cold steel and blood were not to be.

There may be quite a few who doubt.
The Sheriff and his crew found out.
No trace of hide or bones remain.
He'll never crash a fence again.

Conversation killed the Bull!
Applied beyond the needs.
A kindly court thought "Not so good"
The Butcher's now "The Weeds."

RELIANCE POET.

Ye Olden Times

Robert Cardwell

"UNCLE BOB" CARDWELL, house-boss of Hanna, came to the west from Ohio in 1878. He loved the west of the early days and has many thrilling tales to tell about his own adventures and the bravery, daring and beauty of Wyoming's young pioneers. He was, he says, a "boomer" for years, was a brakeman on the railway for a time, was always on the move, would save some money and then go on again to, as had been his ambition, "rove and see the West." He knew Carbon of the eighties and glories in memories of its neighborliness, its good times and its people. "Our bunch never were drinking men, we didn't gamble either we had wonderful times. At the calico and ox ball dances the girls would waltz with a glass of water on their heads without spilling a drop! We had no radios, automobiles or jazz music, but we had wonderful picnics and horse racing that would outshine Kentucky," is the way Uncle Bob expresses it. But he thinks the modern First Aid Club and the "Make It Safe" movement are very wonderful and thinks he might like to be a brakeman now that the railways have safety frogs, block signals, safety couplers and automatic air brakes. Mr. Cardwell's interest in everything around him is a tonic, and we don't wonder that the whole town calls him "Uncle Bob."

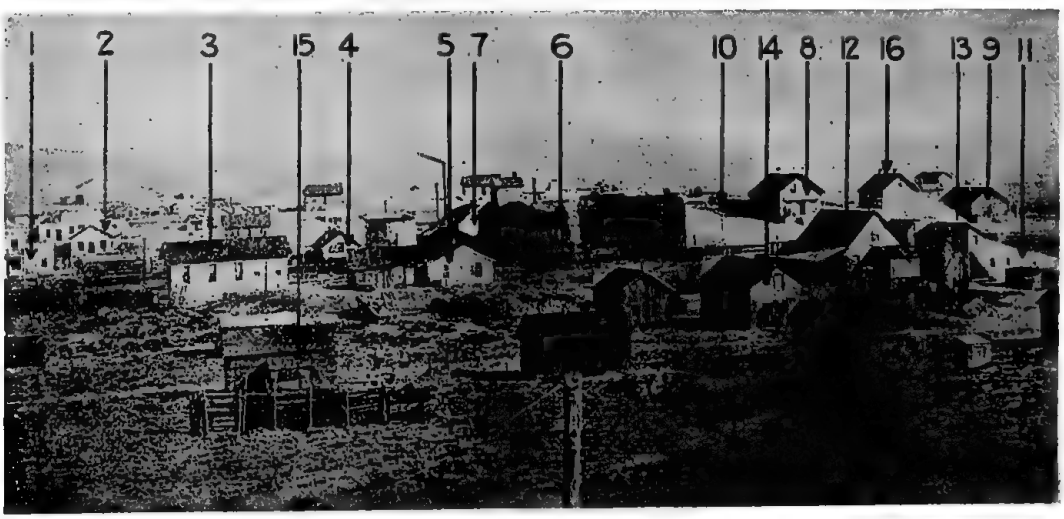
Mr. S. Dickinson—a Carbonite

MR. S. DICKINSON, of Hanna, by whose courtesy we reproduce this old picture of Carbon, came from England to this country in 1886 and was City Clerk in Carbon when it was incorporated as a town. He, in common with the other Carbonites, enjoys telling about the old town's glories. "There never was such a town—we never had cliques or factions, we were Carbonites and if anything needed to be done for Carbon we all pulled together to do it," is the way Mr. Dickinson tells about it. Carbon is now deserted, but the old timers of Carbon have formed a Cemetery Association, have purchased the cemetery site and every year the members resident in Hanna go out to the old town and care for the graves there. There are some forty-nine members of the Association, many of them resident in Hanna, but others now resident in Rock Springs and other parts of Wyoming and in the states of Colorado and California. But whether near enough to visit or not they all remember the annual cemetery day and the graves are all cared for by the members who do live in the vicinity.

Same Feeling

"Have you ever taken a tail-spin in an airplane?"

"No, but I've been called upon unexpectedly to make a speech, and I guess the sensation is about the same."—Detroit Free Press.



The town of Carbon in 1875

(Picture by courtesy of Mr. S. Dickinson of Hanna)

1 The Wyoming House.
2 Bob Jack's Boarding House.
3 Railroad Depot (See footnote).
4 U. P. Coal Co. Blacksmith Shop.
5 Jim Ross' Saloon.
6 U. P. Railroad Coal Chutes.
7 U. P. Coal Company Mine No. 1.
8 Wardell's Store.
9 Superintendent Robinson's Residence.
10 Telegraph Pole on which "Dutch Charlie" was hanged.
11 John Milliken's Boarding House. I. O. O. F. Hall in upper story.
12 U. P. Coal Company Store.
13 Air Shaft of No. 1 Mine.
14 Clay, Davis and Bangs' Meat Market.
15 Residence of John Jost.
16 Birthplace of T. H. Butler.

Note—It was in this building (No. 3) that Mr. Calvin, Vice-President, Union Pacific Railroad, was telegraph operator.

Then and Now

By Geo. B. Pryde

PHOTOGRAPH No. 1 shows a view of No. 5 shaft, Rock Springs, which was sunk to No. 3 seam, a distance of 180 feet from the surface. This is a typical view of a mining plant in this district 35 years ago. Hoisting coal was discontinued in this shaft during 1890, and it was later used for drainage purposes for No. 1 Mine, a drill hole being put down from the bottom of the shaft to 21 Entry, the discharge lines from No. 1 pumps coming through the drill hole, compressed air and steam for the pumps being also conducted in this manner.

Photograph No. 2 shows tipple headframe and miscellaneous mine buildings (taken about 1900) of No. 8 shaft, also at Rock Springs. This shaft was sunk in 1887 and continued an active producer till September 30, 1922. The shaft was 180 feet deep and the main entry extended north from the shaft bottom for a distance of nearly four miles. Its early pit bosses were Zoro Meredith, Tom Francis and D. M. Elias, all well known mining men, now deceased.

No 1 – This shows old No. 5 Dump, Rock Springs, taken about 1890.

No. 2 – This shows No. 8 Dump and miscellaneous buildings about 1900.

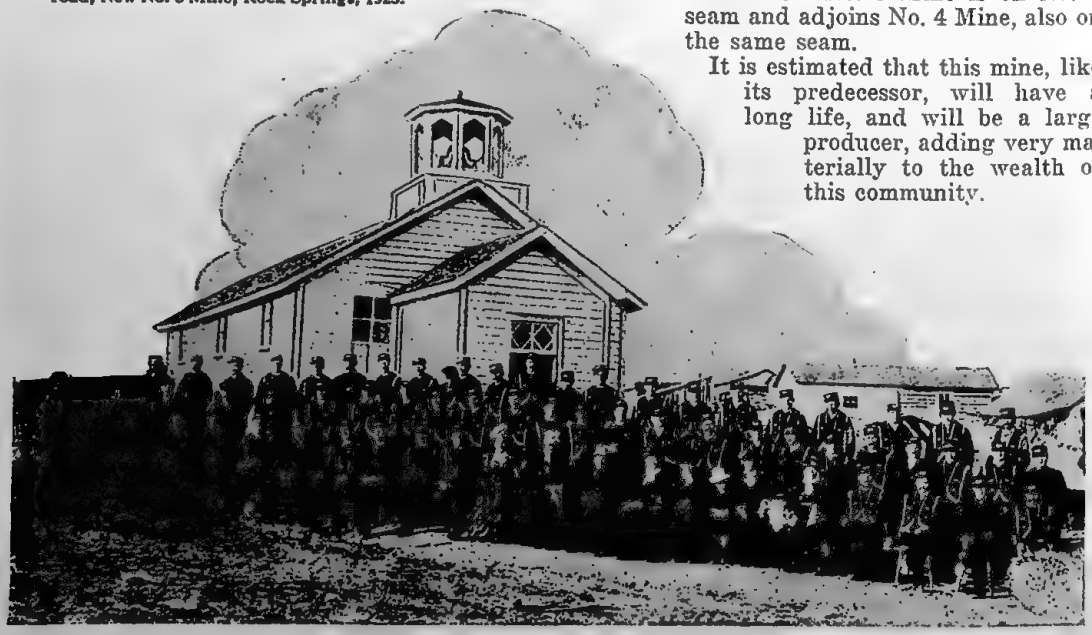
No. 3 – Showing tipple and part of main hauling road, New No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, 1925.

Photograph No. 3 shows new No. 8 tipple and part of hauling road to mouth of mine.

Driving the main entry of this mine was started early in 1920, and intersection of this entry with main plane in No. 4 Mine, was made during the summer of 1923.

The new No. 8 Mine is on No. 1 seam and adjoins No. 4 Mine, also on the same seam.

It is estimated that this mine, like its predecessor, will have a long life, and will be a large producer, adding very materially to the wealth of this community.



Finnish Temperance Society of Old Carbon in 1880.

Patrick Nugent

PATRICK NUGENT of Superior was born in Troing, Ireland, and, though he came to this country when he was sixteen years old, he would like to go back to visit the "ould sod" once more. Mr. Nugent grew up on a farm in Ireland where the most interesting and long-lived of Irish folk tales thrive. A city-bred Irishman may become cosmopolitan, but a country-bred one is always an Irishman and carries the stories of Ireland's bogs and beauty and banshees —and tells them, as only an Irishman can, to delight the rest of us.

Patrick Nugent, Superior

Mr. Nugent first settled in Philadelphia, coming to the west just when Superior was being opened. He is a teamster and did the hauling for the office buildings and for the houses on B Hill which replaced the tents first used. He worked for Mr. Gus Paulson when he was outside boss and tells about the very occasional trips to Rock Springs over the old wagon road. Mr. Nugent can sing the "Wearing o' the Green" but would like to hear it in Ireland once more.

John Cole

JOHN COLE, Hanna, was born in Truckey, Nevada, sixty-two years ago. His parents were Irish and, coming to this country from the Emerald Isle in 1858, they went out to Nevada in the wake of one of its early gold rushes. Mr. Cole became a cowpuncher early in his career and has ridden the range in the States of Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming. He came across the trail from Idaho with cattle in 1879. He was married in 1887 and "rode" with the cow-punchers for two years afterwards, when he came to Hanna and went to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Mr. Cole's mother died when he was quite young, but he remembers her devotion to her religion. She was always a devout Catholic and tried to teach her son the precepts of her church, even when customs were different in the new country. He has worked for The Union Pacific Coal Company for thirty-four years. Mr. Cole has one son, Lester, and one daughter, Kathryne, both of whom are at home in Hanna.

The best heads the world ever knew were well read and the best heads take the best places.—Emerson.

A Job to Suit

Foreman: "Here, now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy: "I ain't feeling well, gov'nor; I'm trembling all over."

Foreman: "Well, then, lend a hand with the sieve."

—The Continent.

A Reason

The street car conductor examined Mrs. Casey's transfer thoughtfully, and then said, meekly:

"This transfer expired an hour ago, lady."

Whereupon Mrs. Casey, moving on, replied: " 'Tis no wonder it has expired with not a single ventilator in the whole car."—Selected.

Not Yet

"Have you said your prayers, Bobby?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you ask God to make you a good boy?"

"Yes, mother—but not yet."

Should a Caddy Laugh

"Lost your job as a caddy?" asked one boy.

"Yep," replied the other. "I could do the work, all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."

Reason

Teacher: "Why is a giraffe's neck so long?"

Smart Sammy: "Because its head is such a long way from its body."

Revenge

Justice is not always slow, "Your face looks familiar," said a Judge to a prisoner the other day.

"Yes, your honor," said the prisoner, "I am the man who taught your son how to build a radio set."

"Twenty ....

Fairness First

Mulcahey, the veteran traffic cop, was giving instructions to the new man who was to succeed him at his corner.

" 'Tis this way," he explained. "Now suppose the main line an' the cross street is both clear, when along comes a spalpeen in a gas buggy. Make the divvle wait."

"How long?" queried the new man.

"That depinds. Wait till ye see another feller comin' up the cross street. Now 'tis that ye stop him, an' wave to the first feller to pass on."

"But," expostulated the rookie, "if both the streets was clear in the first place, why not let the first man have the right of way at once?"

"Because," explained Mulcahey sagely, " 'twould not be fair to make wan man do all the waitin'."

—American Legion Weekly

Preference

"Don't you think this is a duck of a hat, dear?"

"Yes, but I'd prefer a duck with a smaller bill."

Too Hard

It was in a country store in Arkansas. A one gallus customer drifted in. "Gimme a nickel's worth of asafoetida." The clerk poured some asafoetida in a paper bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Cha'ge it," drawled the customer.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I wouldn't write asafoetida and Honeyfunkel for five cents."

Provided

Six-year-old Billie found a pocketbook and made haste to return it to its owner.

"You're an honest lad," the latter told him, magnanimously. "Here, I'll give you a dime."

"Aw, you don't hafta," replied Billie, turning away. "I kept a quarter out."

Your Lot

The best way to be contented with your lot is to build a house on it.

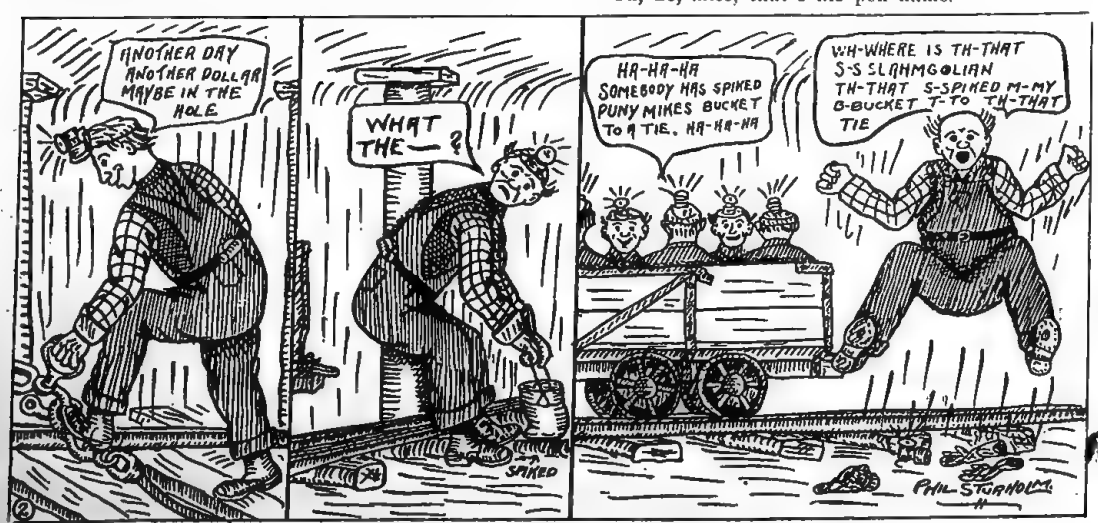
What's in a Name

"What's the name of that handsome prisoner?" asked the impressionable young woman.

"No. 2206, miss," replied the guard.

"How funny! But of course, that is not his real name."

"Oh, no, miss, that's his pen name."



Who spiked Punny Mike's bucket?

Some Old Superstitions Relating to Health

The world does move, doesn't it? When we think of the knowledge concerning health that is becoming more and more general—fresh air and health; proper exercise and health; balanced diet and health; mental attitudes and health, and recall some of the old superstitions that were prevalent not so very long ago, we cannot help but realize that the world most assuredly does move.

I've been reading an old copy of the "Folk-lorist," published in Chicago some years ago. In it I found these superstitions said to be prevalent in early Illinois:

To remove a wart, rub it with a piece of potato or meat, and then bury, without speaking, the meat or potato.

Burns may be cured by blowing the breath upon them and repeating a verse from the bible.

Wear a brass ring on the little finger of the left hand as a sure preventive against rheumatism.

Rub a sty with a gold ring, to make it disappear.

Hang a silken cord around a child's neck to save it from the croup. Another old superstition relating to the croup was that when other remedies failed one should administer sweetened wine.

A very peculiar one was that rheumatism could be cured by carrying a potato in the pocket until it withered.

Here are two others: To cure a sideache, spit upon a stone, and lay that side of the stone on the ground. Red beads worn as a necklace will cure the rheumatism.

If wearing beads could cure rheumatism not any of us would have to suffer from it in these days when we wear beads all the time, would we? It's very interesting to read about these old superstitions, but it's rather more fun to be living in a day when superstitions relating to health have gone, when children are taught health habits at school, when it is made a game for them to learn these habits, when we need only to co-operate with the school to make them fixed habits that will last through life. Sleep with windows open. Take care of your teeth—brush them at least twice a day. No tea or coffee. Regular hours of sleep. Wouldn't any school boy of today know that a potato in the pocket couldn't cure rheumatism and that wine, sweetened or otherwise, wouldn't cure croup? He might tell, rather, how much starch and water and so on was in the potato and the bad effect of any stimulant, even tea or coffee.

With the Women's Organizations

THE Reliance Woman's Club will entertain the Winton Club on the evening of March the 10th. The Reliance Club is making quite a reputation for it self as a successful Club. The Winton women will drive to Reliance in a group and everybody is anticipating a good time.

The women of Superior had their first Well Baby Clinic on the twenty-fourth of February. Doctor Sanders was in charge and Mrs. Mable Glasgow, State Department of Health nurse, was assisted by Miss Cahill, School nurse and Miss Janet Kay, student at the Wyoming General Hospital.

The Winton Woman's Club election of officers resulted in the following being chosen:

President—Mrs. Ole Odee.
Vice-President—Mrs. Joe Liddell.
Secretary—Mrs. John Henderson.
Treasurer—Mrs. J. Van Housen.

The Reliance Club is rejoicing in the return to health and activity of their popular President, Mrs. R. Ebeling.

Mrs. H. J. Groutage, Mrs. J. Goddard, Mrs. T. L. Edwards and Mrs. Charles Snyder were hostesses of the first "Community Evening" put on at No. 2 Camp, Cumberland. A large crowd attended from both camps and everybody enjoyed the entertainment and the "bun" sandwiches.

Gray Days

BY reckoning up the odds against us and ignoring the forces in our favor, we may indeed close the door of hope. But why not take matters the other way about? Why not see the situation clearly and then throw our own strong purpose in the scales? In the course of a battle an officer reported to Stonewall Jackson that he must fall back because his ammunition had been spoiled by a rainstorm. "So has the enemy's" was the instant reply. "Give them the bayonet." This resolute spirit won the battle.

Hang the gray days!
The duece-to-pay days!
The felling-blue and nothing-to-do days!
The sit-by-yourself-for-there's-nothing-new days!
When the cat that Care killed without excuse
With your inner self's crying, "Oh, what's the use?"
And you wonder whatever is going to become of you,
And you feel that a cipher expresses the sum of you;
And you know that you'll never,
Oh, never, be clever,
Spite of all your endeavor
Or hard work or whatever!
Oh, gee!
What a mix-up you see
When you look at the world where you happen to be!
Where strangers are hateful and friends are a bore,
And you know in your heart you will smile nevermore!
Gee, kid!
Clap on the lid!
It is all a mistake! Give your worries the skid!
There are sunny days coming
Succeeding the blue
And bees will be humming
Making honey for you,
And your heart will be singing
The merriest tune
While April is bringing
A May and a June!
Gray days?
Play days!
Joy-bringing pay days
And heart-lifting May days!
The sun will be shining in just a wee while
So smile!

GRIFFITH ALEXANDER.

Flank Steak

Have your butcher cut a pocket in a flank steak, fill it with the following mixture: One cup cold meat, ground; 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper, small amounts of butter, onions and parsley, chopped fine. Roast in moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Conducted by Bess Mac.

"Friendships thrive in fullest measure
Round our hearthfire's ruddy glow."

Scouts and the Game

What is the Scoutly game?

"To play fair.
To play in your place.
To play for your side and not for yourself."

We all like the good sport—the girl who plays fair and courteously and with every ounce of her energy, even when the game is going against her. You remember this poem:

PLAYING THE GAME

Life is a game with a glorious prize,
If we can only play it right.
It is give and take, build and break,
And often it ends in a fight;
But he surely wins who honestly tries
(Regardless of wealth or fame),
He can never despair who plays it fair—
How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win
In the manner you think your due?
Do you sneer at the man in case that he can
And does, do better than you?
Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?
Do you laugh tho' you pull up lame?
Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?
How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys
Whatever your cherished goal;
Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,
And you dare—to your very soul!
Do something more than make a noise;
Let your purpose leap into flame
As you plunge with a cry, "I shall do or die,"
Then you will be playing the game.

—Anonymous.

The Hanna Girls

At a meeting of the girls in Hanna, when an evening was spent with lantern slides showing scouts and the New Fork Camp, nearly sixty girls decided that they wanted to be Scouts.

Miss Frederickson, the High School Athletic Coach, and Mrs. Bullock, wife of the Store Manager, will be the officers. They hope to have a girls' camp at Elk Mountain, which is only eighteen miles away.

Reliance Girls Have a Washington Program

We always have to salute the Reliance Scouts. They went out singing carols on Christmas Eve, when it was so cold in Rock Springs that not any of the troops could go out. True, they were taken to each home where they sang, but they went. Now they put on a very fine patriotic program. We Salute you, Bears!

Girl Scout Sunday

The Officers' Association has asked the clergy of the city to call March the 8th, "Girl Scout Sunday," and to hold services for Scouts on that day. The troops will go to their own Churches as troops.

Miss Saniford of National Headquarters Coming

Miss E. Saniford, National Director for this district, expects to visit our troops at the beginning of April. She will conduct a training course for officers, but we hope that she will find time to visit every troop at its own meeting as well.

Superior Scouts

The Superior Scouts, with their Captain, Miss Mary Drebrick, held a very successful valentine party on the night of February fourteenth. They are the newest Scouts in the Rock Springs district. The Woman's Guild and The School Superintendent is backing them. We know they will be a success.

So many of the Scouts have asked for the words of this song that we print them here:

EVERYBODY OUGHT TO BE A SCOUT

When you were a girl just like us here,
Did you ever learn to cook? (Ever learn to cook?)
Could you build a fire or set a table?
Would you sew a hook? (Ever sew a Hook?)
Could you find a trail or could you make one,
If you'd lost the camp and had to take one?
All this and more is Scouting,
If you should find you're doubting,
Ask a Scout and she will

CHORUS:

Say, "If you are a Girl Scout, you feel so happy,
You sing the whole day long,
If you are a Girl Scout, you can't be snappy,
Each time the world goes wrong.
If you are a Girl Scout, you learn to do things,
And how to help folks out.
Oh, in all the world, there's nothing like it,
And everybody ought to be a Scout."

Pippa's Song

This little song vibrates with an optimism that embraces the whole universe. A frequent error in quoting it is the substitution of the word "well" for "right." Browning is no such shallow optimist as to believe that all is well with the world, but he does maintain that things are right with the world, for in spite of its present evils it is slowly working its way toward perfection, and in the great scheme of things it may make these evils themselves an instrument to move it toward its ultimate goal.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Lemon Mist

One pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 egg, one-third cup sugar, grated rind of one lemon. Rub the cornstarch smooth with a little of the cold milk. Tie the grated lemon rind in a piece of cheese cloth and put this, with the remainder of the milk, into a double boiler and heat; add the cornstarch and cook an hour or more. Now remove the cheese cloth containing the grated lemon rind. Beat the egg until the white and yolk are well blended. Add the sugar, a little at a time, to the egg, and, very gradually, pour the thickened milk into this. Cook again in the double boiler for a few minutes. Cool before serving.

Children's Page

The Lad and the Fox

THERE was once upon a time a little lad, who was on his way to church, and when he came to a clearing in the forest he caught sight of a fox, that was lying on the top of a big stone so fast asleep that he did not know the lad had seen him.

"If I kill that fox," said the lad, taking a heavy stone in his fist, "and sell the skin, I shall get money for it, and with that money I shall buy some rye, and that rye I shall sow in father's corn-field at home. When the people who are on their way to church pass by my field of rye they'll say: 'Oh, what splendid rye that lad has got!' Then I shall say to them: 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But they won't heed me. Then I shall shout to them: 'Keep away from my rye!' But still they won't take any notice of me. Then I shall scream with all my might: 'Keep away from my rye!' and then they'll listen to me."

But the lad screamed so loudly that the fox woke up and made off at once for the forest, so that the lad did not even get as much as a handful of his hair.

No; it's best always to take what you can reach, for of undone deeds you should never screech, as the saying goes.

—From Tales of Laughter.

The Fox Turned Shepherd

THERE was once a farmer's wife who rode out to try and find a shepherd. She happened to meet a bear on the way, and the bear inquired whither she was going.

"Oh, I'm going to hire a shepherd," answered she.

"Will you take me for a shepherd?" asked the bear.

"Yes," said the woman, "provided you can call the sheep properly."

"Ho-o-y!" growled the bear.

"No," said the woman on hearing this, "I can't hire you," and on she went.

Soon after she met a wolf. "Where are you going?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, I'm going to hire a shepherd," answered the woman.

"Will you take me for a shepherd?" asked the wolf.

"Yes, if you can call the sheep properly," replied the woman.

"Uh-uh!" howled the wolf.

"No, I can't hire you," said the woman.

A little farther on she met a Fox. "Where are you going?" asked he.

"Oh, I'm going to hire a shepherd," answered the woman.

"Will you take me for a shepherd?" asked the Fox.

"Yes, provided you can but call the sheep properly," replied the woman.

"Dil-dal-holom!" cried the Fox in a pretty, proper tone.

"Yes, I will hire you," said the woman; and she took him for a shepherd to watch over the cattle.

The first day, on driving the cattle to the meadows, the Fox ate up all the goats. On the second day he made a dainty meal upon the sheep, and on the third day it was the turn for the cows to be eaten.

On returning home in the evening, the woman asked him where he had left the cattle. "Their heads are in the brook, and their bones are in the bushes," replied the Fox. The farmer's wife was just then at the butter-tub, busy making butter; still, she wanted to go and see for herself how things stood. While she went to look, the Fox put his head into the butter-tub and drank up all the cream.

When the woman came back and saw what he had done, she was so exasperated that she seized a clot of cream that still remained in the tub and flung it at the Fox, so that it made a spot upon his tail. And this is the reason why the Fox's tail has a white tip.

—From Tales of Laughter.

I'm Glad

I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

A Tom Thum wedding playette in Hanna. Masters Carlyle Pomeroy, Tommie Nolan, Raymond Peterson and Misses Catherine While and Leona Russell.

Snow Flakes

OUT where the West begins people look upon snow with mingled feelings, sometimes joyfully, again sorrowfully. Snow is merely water carried in the upper atmosphere in highly diffused quantities, which has, through a lowering of the temperature, been turned by crystalization into feathery, geometrically formed flakes. When the amount of moisture is greater a sudden change downward in temperature freezes the moisture in small round pellets or grains.

A Snow Flake Highly Magnified

Snow is formed in every latitude, even at the equator, but there only at great heights, and when it falls to a lower level it melts, to reach the earth as rain. North of 80 degrees latitude the earth is continuously covered, and as far down as 45 degrees every winter sees snow, and frequently much of it.

Snow flakes vary in size from one-fifteenth to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and are almost invariably six sided, this due to the fact that snow crystals belong to the hexagonal (six sided) system of crystalization. Artists have striven toward beauty through painting and sculpture, but the beautiful, delicate imagery of the snow flake has not as yet been surpassed by the hand of man, the picture of a snow flake magnified and reproduced herewith but one of the many exquisite forms that nature sifts down from the upper regions to cover Mother Earth.

Those who depend on irrigation for moisture with which to nourish their growing crops, the stock raiser who seeks water for his herds, and more recently, the managers of the great hydro-electric power plants that are beginning to dot the country, watch and appraise the winter's snow fall. Perhaps they likewise see beauty in the snow flakes as they fall as well as when they melt.

"Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow."

—Longfellow.

Cumberland Band

IT may be better to utter a wittieism than to discover a star, to concoct a new dish than to frame a law, but the people of Cumberland know very well that there is one thing better than any of them—and that is their forty-five piece Band.

Recently the Cumberland Band, organized last October with almost entirely new material, gave the following concert to the delight and surprise of the Camps:

Remarks .....Mr. Geo. A. Brown
March (Our Band) .....Cumberland Band
Duet .....Mr. and Mrs. McLean
Cornet Duet .....Jennie & Carlo Bovero
Saxaphone Solo ..... Phillip Bovero
Concert Waltz .....Cumberland Band
Duet .....Howard Williams & Blanche McLean
Saxaphone Solo .....Phillip Bovero
Quartette (Lucia D'Lammarmoor) .....The Boveros
Piano Duet .....Arvella Bartley & Jane Edwards
Cornet Duet .....Director Bovero & Phillip
Quartette .....Ballantyne Brothers
Selection .....The Boveros
Military March .....Cumberland Band

Robert Louis Stevenson

Novelist and essayist, born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850; died December 3, 1894.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation, above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself: here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Home Life in Cumberland since the Band was formed

Rock Springs

Mrs. O. G. Sharrer and son, Jack, are visiting with friends in Hanna.

Mrs. John Price has gone to Walkerville, Mont., where she expects to locate.

Mr. F. L. McCarty has returned to work after a two weeks illness.

Joe Russell and family have gone to Utah, where they expect to locate.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dowell and son have gone to Centralia, Wash., where they expect to locate.

C. E. Swann and O. G. Sharrer have returned from a business trip to Greeley, Colorado.

Chas. H. Durham has returned from Independence, Iowa, where he was called by the death of his brother-in-law.

John Firmage, Jr., has moved into the house that was vacated by Ben Dowell on Fourth street.

Thos. A. Kruger is sporting a new Ford sedan.

M. J. Sturman crushed the fingers of his left hand while at work in No. 8 Mine on February 2nd.

Ben Behring has left for a trip through Utah and Idaho.

J. L. Finney of Winton paid the mine office a pleasant call.

Tony Nestrovich injured his foot in No. 4 Mine on February 2nd.

P. Javada had his head bruised by a fall of coal in No. 2 Mine on February 3rd.

A. H. Anderson has been transferred to Asst. Material and Albert Kinkhorn is the new shipping clerk.

Frank Parton has moved his family to Superior and T. L. Moore, of the Company store, has moved into the house vacated by Mr. Parton.

Thos. Foster and Richard Gibbs, of Reliance, paid the mine office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ivanovich have gone to Fox Park, Wyoming, where they expect to spend the spring and summer.

Axel Johnson is sporting a new Chevrolet car.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mooney have moved into the house vacated by W. W. Jones in Wardell Court.

Ben Butler received the sad news of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Hastings, which occurred at Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe H. Wise were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Reese at Reliance.

Mr. and Mrs. Crofts have been receiving some fine radio concerts at their home on Rainbow Avenue.

Miss Gladys Shelton, of Superior, visited her sister, Mrs. A. C. Carter, on Sunday, February 8th.

Eddie Brooks has resigned his position at the charging station and has gone to New York state where he expects to enter school.

Wendell Clark, of Superior, spent Sunday, February 15th, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark.

Robert Muir has treated his Hudson car to an overhauling and a fresh coat of paint, and is now ready for a trip to Lander as soon as the snow leaves.

Superior

A Council has been organized in Superior, representing all labor, fraternal, social and religious organizations in the community. The ultimate hope and object of such a group is to better the child life of Superior. Our young people are worth working for as there is valuable material among them.

On February 7th, the Masonic Club entertained at a dance and social at the Opera House.

Professor Green and faculty entertained in the corridors of the High School building at a "500" party in honor of Miss Grace Gonia, whose marriage to Mr. John Stoker was a surprise to her many friends. Superior folks extend their best wishes.

Miss Phyllis Hansen accidentally slipped on the ice near the Mine Office on February 14 and broke her ankle. Everyone hopes she has a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Joe Moser is an out-of-town visitor.

The Ladies' Guild of Superior gave a pretty box social and dance at the Opera House on February 14th. A short, but unique program was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilson have left Superior to make their home at Fredrick, Colorado. Mr. Wilson has accepted a position in electrical work at that place. They motored through from Superior to Denver in a Studebaker, and they report a fine trip.

The friends of Mrs. Andrew Wilson surprised her at a farewell party on February 9th at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. R. MacKay. A token of friendship was presented to her and was greatly appreciated.

A number of new radios have been installed in Superior homes recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Holen and Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Sanders are among those new ones added to the "radio fan" list.

The religious life in Superior is encouragingly increasing in activity and attendance. There are Catholic, Union and Mormon services held regularly. The Union S. S. report an average attendance of 50. A C. E. society has been organized and a most helpful and interesting program is given each Sunday evening. Rev. Bacon holds regular services on Sunday.

The Girl Scout group had their first real party February 14th. It was a great success.

Rebecca Installation of Officers

The annual installation of officers of the Rebecca Lodge was held Thursday, February 5th, at the lodge hall. After the installation, a delicious lunch was served by the ladies.

The following are the officers that were elected:
Past Grand—Mrs. Obie Powell.
Noble Grand—Mrs. Wm. Ferrell.
Vice-Grand—Mrs. George Noble.
Chaplain—Mrs. Wm. Ellis.
Warden—Mrs. Alphonse Bertagnolli.
Conductor—Mrs. Rudolph Prevedel.
Right Supporter to Noble Grand—Mrs. Nie Mettom.
Left Supporter to Noble Grand—Mrs. Archie Smith.
Right Supporter to Vice Grand—Mrs. Fred Robinson.
Left Supporter to Vice Grand—Mrs. Wm. Mathews.
Guardian—Mrs. John Kettle.
Guardian—Miss Marian Asiala.

Winton

The Parent-Teachers Association entertained at a silver tea on Thursday afternoon, February 19th. This was the first of a series the Association plans to give. The officers are, President, Mrs. John Henderson, Vice-President, Mrs. Finney, and Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. T. A. Kaul.

The Child Health Class met at the home of Mrs. Van Housen on the afternoon of February 4th.

The Well Baby Clinic was held in the Hall on February 5th with Mrs. Mabel Glasgow, Miss Nichols and Doctor Cody in charge.

Miss Booth is the teacher of the 2nd and 3rd grades, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Griffiths, who returned to Dines to teach.

Al Kalivowski was very sick during the month, but is now recovered.

Mr. Wm. Russell became manager of the Amusement Hall on February 1st.

Mrs. Jed Orme is a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital. Her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hudak, Mrs. Kate Warriner and Mrs. Henel Anderson of Rock Springs were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dodds during the month.

The old Pool Hall is used by the First Aid Association for First Aid practice, and also for a gymnasium.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sutton are rejoicing over the arrival of a son, born February 6th.

Mrs. J. E. Scanlin received her appointment as postmistress of the Winton Post Office this month.

Mrs. Messenger and her youngest son are in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Harry Halladay has been very ill twice during the past month.

Mrs. Wm. Russell was a Rawlins visitor on Thursday, February 5th.

Mr. Frank Slaughter has returned to Toolle, Utah.

Mike Pecolar was very sick this month but is now recovered.

Joe Pinar has returned to Megeath after an absence of two weeks.

A surprise party was given in honor of Velma Nichols on Monday evening, February 9th.

A birthday party was given for little Miss Margie Carter on Saturday afternoon, February 7th.

Lee Molding is our butcher now.

Hrisnio Skataki – one of Hanna's beautiful girls.

Hanna

The many friends of Mrs. Cuthbert Hastings were shocked and grieved to learn of her death, which occurred at her home at Milo on January 27th. Mrs. Hastings lived, for a number of years, in the old mining camp of Carbon, and was well known and highly respected by all the old residents of Carbon, Hanna and vicinity. Interment was made in the Elk Mountain Cemetery, and the love and respect in which the deceased was held was evidenced by the large concourse of friends and relatives that attended the ceremonies and the many beautiful floral offerings.

Dr. Myron Crandall returned from a visit to Salt Lake City on Sunday February 8th, and was accompanied home by his bride of a few days.

Mr. F. B. McVicar, Electrician, [illegible] with us for the past three weeks making tests of [illegible] electrical machinery.

Dr. Harold Finch departed for [illegible] Utah, on February 9th, in response to a [illegible] the sudden death of his mother.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] departed this life on February 9th, after a [illegible] illness.

John Reese and Margaret Briggs [illegible] their many friends on February the 7th by [illegible], and returning happily wedded.

Mrs. S. L. Morgan, wife of our [illegible] Minister, who has been receiving treatment at St. [illegible]'s Hospital, Denver, is reported to be [illegible] improved to return home in the near future.

Mrs. E. A. Brown of Laramie and Mrs. Grant Merrill of Platville, Colorado, were Hanna visitors the early part of February, being called here by the death of their sister, Mrs. Cuthbert Hastings.

The Safety Committee consisting of George Crank and Joseph Lucas, Miners, and J. A. Smith, Safety Engineer, inspected the mines on January 29th and 30th.

Mrs. Jasper McLennan of Superior visited Hanna during the early part of February, being called here by the death of her aunt, Mrs. Cuthbert Hastings.

Elmer and Guy Moffitt have been here during the week ending February 14th, repairing railroad scales at No. 4 Mine.

Wm. Barton and wife departed on February 6th to visit Mr. Barton's mother in Utah, who is quite ill.

Mary Jane, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Van C. Renterghem will be taken to consult a physician.

Mrs. Bessie Evans, who was operated upon at the Hanna hospital is now recovered.

Mr. Ben Cooke narrowly escaped injury when a "runaway trip" of seven cars of rock rushed headlong down the slope of No. 4 Mine. Ben who is rope runner had presence of mind to jump, thus saving his life.

Arthur Boam has been on the sick list several days, but is now able to be back at work again.

Clarence Olafsen, who has been seriously ill for many weeks, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Andrew Brown of Laramie and Mrs. Grant Merrell of Gillcrest, Colorado, came to Hanna to attend the funeral of Mrs. Cuthbert Hastings.

Services were held in the new M. E. Church, Sunday, February 8th. This was not the dedication as the new building is not yet completed.

Listeners-in of the radio world will be pleased to note an old time resident, Mrs. Ruth Thies, plays the piano at Station KOA at Denver.

Thomas Meekin was home several days on account of a sprained back, which he received from a fall in the mine.

"Uncle Bob" Cardwell drove Mrs. Harry Wright, Mrs. Rachel Smith, Mrs. John A. Jackson and Mrs. Cardwell to Milo to attend the funeral of Mrs. Cuthbert Hastings.

Little Donna Rogers had her first birthday Monday, February 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Meekin have named their son Bernard Thomas.

Mrs. Kummpula, Mrs. J. Saari and Mrs. A. Hynen, young matrons of Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Moffat are at home to their friends in House 31, No. 2 Town.

Miss Jessie Lucas is anticipating the journey to Denver for the purpose of taking a marcelling course.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hearne are rejoicing over the birth of a son, which has been named Donald.

Edward Whiles met with a minor accident at No. 4 Mine. He suffered a broken toe bone, so that he is unable to get around without crutches.

Mrs. Bessie Evans, who was operated on for appendicitis, has returned home, where she is rapidly recovering.

Miss Catherine Harrison is back at her work again after a very serious attack of blood poison in her ankle.

Mrs. Paul Spurr is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewellyn.

Bobbed hair seems to be the foremost fashion in hair dressing as several of our young ladies are seen with very straight locks. Among those who have adopted this style are Mrs. J. B. Hughes, Mrs. Frank Snyder, Mrs. Ben Cook, Mrs. L. A. Rogers, Mrs. G. G. Stoddard, Mrs. Wm. Weight, Mrs. Ted Moffat, and the Misses Mae Jackson, Millie Chadwick, Hilda Peterson and Dolly Mae Clark.

Cumberland

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Buchanan on February 5th, a boy.

The ladies of Camp No. 1 have organized an "Embroidery" Club. The Club meets every Wednesday evening at the homes of the members.

Two baby girls arrived at No. 1 camp the early part of February to gladden the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Haywood and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Maupin.

The ladies of the L. D. S. Church spent a week scrubbing, kalsomining and painting their meeting house. The ladies worked very hard indeed, but the results are well worth the time and labor.

Among the new radio purchasers are Walter Johnson, Louis Bartley, Earl Welsh and John Jenkins.

Mrs. Peter Boam, Jr., has been ill for the past two weeks but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dexter spent a recent week-end in Salt Lake City.

The "Busy Girls" Club met at the home of Amanda Groutage on the evening of February 3rd. The time was spent in embroidering and candy making.

Mr. Carr of the Auditing Department spent a few days in Cumberland recently.

Reliance

The Woman's Club gave a card party in the Bungalow Hall Tuesday, February 10th. Mrs. Malcolm Green and Mr. Rudolph Ebeling won the high score. After the games the ladies served sandwiches and coffee.

Mr. William Spence has been on the sick list suffering from a severe cold.

Jack Dewar is home from the Wyoming General Hospital where he has been confined with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bevola are the proud parents of a baby girl born February 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Burns are the proud parents of a baby boy born January 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Telek are the proud parents of a baby boy born January 29th.

Mrs. Rudolph Ebeling is again able to be around after being confined with neuritis.

Mr. Walter Short and family have gone to Dawson, New Mexico, where they expect to locate.

The home of Mr. Mike Koragi was destroyed by fire Sunday night, January 25th.

Jas. Grosso had his eye burned by an explosion of gas from a carbide lamp and has gone to Ogden to consult an eye specialist.

The Kensington Club met at the home of Mrs. Jas. Rafferty February 6th. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Zack Portwood, February 20th.

The Women's Relief Society gave a party at the home of Mrs. Jas. Jones, February 10th.

Mr. F. A. Hunter and family have moved to Rock Springs. Mr. Hunter is now material clerk at Rock Springs.

Mr. John Reese has moved to Reliance.

The death of Mr. Dougal McWilliams occurred at the Wyoming General Hospital February 14th. He had been a patient at the hospital one week suffering from cancer. The family of the deceased has the sympathy of the entire community in this, their hour of bereavement.

H. C. Piercy had his foot badly hurt in No. 4 Mine, but is now able to get around on crutches.

Tono

Mrs. John Cowell was hostess at a tea given in honor of Mrs. T. A. Morgan of Taft, Calif., and Mrs. A. J. Dahlstrom of Centralia, Wash.

The Busy Club entertained members and friends at a "500" party in Tono Hall February 7th.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ojala are sorry to learn of their departure from Tono. They intend making their future home at Winlock, Wash.

Mrs. Fred Planeta was hostess at a dinner party given to celebrate the birthday of Miss Marian Maplethorpe. Guests were Miss Gertrude Olds, Messrs. Becker and Eggler, honor guest and hostess.

Members of the Merry Wives Club were entertained on the 12th at the home of Mrs. John Isaacson. Out-of-town guests were Mrs. Turnbull, Sr., of Seattle, and Mrs. Porter of Black Diamond, who are visiting at the Turnbull home.

Mr. C. V. Rankin attended the recent Shriner convention at Vancouver, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monaghan are the proud parents of a new girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Adams have announced the arrival of a baby boy, born January 31st.

Mrs. A. N. Turnbull entertained February 4th in honor of Mrs. T. A. Morgon of Taft, Calif.

Members of the Community Club are staging a card party in the hall at next regular meeting, the invited guest in each instance being friend husband.

Mrs. Burt Holmes entertained the Merry Wives Club at a dinner party.

Mrs. Frank Olds had the misfortune to be in an automobile wreck February 8th while returning from Portland. She was severely bruised and cut and will not be able to assume her duties in the store for several days.

Mr. Robt. Murray recently underwent an operation at the Sweet Hospital in Centralia. He is reported doing nicely and scheduled to be discharged in about two weeks.

Thieves recently entered the Tono School House and obtained some $20 in small change. They left no clues, and from all appearances it looks as if the job was done by professionals specializing on such buildings. About the same time a number of schools in the vicinity were similarly visited.

The Tenino High School Glee Club, which contains a number of Tono pupils, are giving concerts at Rainier and other towns by special invitation. It is hoped to bring the organization to Tono at an early date.

The Boy Scout basket ball team defeated Bucoda by a score of 22 to 2, while the Town team defeated Rainier High 19 to 18.

Messrs. Turnbull and Way have been in attendance at the Legislature in the interest of their bill to secure relief from the savage tendencies of the Goeduck. The Elks Club and Chamber of Commerce of Olympia are assisting, and the bill has been brought out of conference with a majority recommendation that all Goeducks showing vicious tendencies be executed forthwith. This measure is of particular interest to residents of this vicinity, and it is reported that a sufficient number in the Senate and House have signified intention to over-rule the Governor in the event he vetoes the bill.

Year Fire Loss Equals Cost of Panama Canal

Carelessness Given as the Main Cause of Blazes

1. According to the National Insurance Board, fires kill 15,000 Americans annually and injure thousands of others.

2. The national fire loss last year was more than $500,000,000, an amount equal to the total cost of the Panama canal. This represents an average loss of $4.50 for every citizen of the country.

3. The total monetary loss, including fire waste, cost of fire protection, loss of business due to fire, etc., is estimated to be more than $1,000,000,000 annually.

4. The average per capita fire loss in Great Britain, France and Germany and other European nations is less than $1. Some reasons for our high loss figure are traditional carelessness, type of construction and lack of personal liability for negligence in causing fires.

Leading Causes of Fires.

1. Carelessness is the underlying cause of most fires. It is estimated that 75 per cent of them are avoidable if ample precautions are taken.

2. The five leading causes of fire are all in the preventable or partially preventable class. In order of importance, they are "matches and smoking," "Defective chimneys and flues," "Stoves, furnaces, boilers and their pipes," "spontaneous combustion" and "electricity."

3. Matches and smoking caused a loss of nearly $26,000,000 in 1922. These fires could have been prevented if care had been taken in extinguishing matches, ashes and butts before disposing of them.

4. Defective flues and chimneys destroyed property valued at $18,550,000 in 1922. This is an increase of $3,750,000 over the preceding year.

5. Fire loss from stoves, furnaces, boilers and their pipes totaled nearly $17,000,000 in 1922. Most of this waste was caused by improper installation or overheating.

6. Proper disposal of oily rags, waste and rubbish will prevent many of the fires caused by spontaneous combustion. Loss from this source was $14,500,000 in 1922.

7. Electricity caused the destruction of almost $12,000,000 worth of property in 1922. The use of improper fuses and fuse substitutes and the improper care of electric pressing irons are two leading sources of electrical fires. All electrical installations should be inspected and approved before the current is connected.

General Suggestions.

1. Industrial plants, mercantile establishments and homes should be thoroughly inspected by their owners to determine whether dangerous conditions exist.

2. General cleanliness should be a large contributing factor in reducing fire losses. Preventable fire seldom starts in clean places.

3. Many fires in dwellings would result in little or no damage if first aid apparatus, such as fire extinguishers and water pails, were kept handy and in readiness for service.

4. Every citizen should know the location of the fire alarm box nearest to his home, place of business or school, and should learn how to turn in an alarm.

5. In giving a fire alarm by telephone, one should immediately ask the operator for the fire department instead of taking time to look up a number. It is important that the exact location of the fire be described in order that the apparatus may lose no time in responding.—From bulletin of Standard American Fire Insurance Company.

What He Thought of It

The young playwright was reading a new drama to some critics, when he noticed that one of them was asleep. Stopping, he awoke the sleeper and reproved him. He was reading his play, he said, to obtain the opinion of the critics. How, therefore, could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

The offender pondered a moment and then ended the discussion by saying:

"Sleep is an opinion."—Western Home Monthly.

Dried Peat on Top of Bog by Resisting Microbes Formed Mother of Coal

"Conclusive evidence that the surface of the peat bogs from which coal has been derived was occasionally exposed to air," said Dr. David White, at the winter meeting of the American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers, "is seen in the occurrence of mother of coal, mineral charcoal or fusain, strewn or matted in layers on the bedding planes of the deposit.

"The prevailing belief that the fusain is the result of forest fires, either in place in the immense swamps, or on adjacent higher ground from which the charcoal was washed out over the swamps cannot be reconciled with either theory or fact. The assumption that it results from fires on the surface of the exposed peat is inconsistent with the great extent of the fusain layers, the evenness of their bedding, the absence of corrasion pits or ash accumulations with supposed cinders, the normal state of the coal just beneath the fusain, the regularity and parallelism of the distribution of the fusain, generally in thin layers, the sometimes almost incredible closeness of the layers which may form a large part of the deposit in some of the beds, the purity of some of the layers, and the delicacy and orientation of some of the carbonized debris.

"Fortuitous forest fires could hardly have occurred so frequently and so regularly over the same great areas and been so widely destructive as these must have been if they were to produce the results ascribed to them, nor could they have happened without leaving traces of ash accumulation or residue.

"That the fusain cannot be charcoal drifted out from the land is shown by the continuity of its deposition; by the arrangement in normal position or relations or the so-called 'charred' fragments of such delicate material as fern fronds, pinnules and stipes, not to mention stems and branches; by the inadequacy of any transporting current to distribute charcoal evenly again and again throughout the great areas in the midst of the growing vegetation, and, especially, to do so without an accompanying film or sheet of land-derived mineral sediment, and, finally, by the inadequacy of any probable supply at the source.

"It cannot be reasonably assumed that the erosion which would transport these vast quantities of charcoal out over thousands of square miles of coal-forming swamps would not at the same time erode the soil as well as wash away the plant debris. On the other hand, the fossillized peat surface offers no sign of erosion, nor of its ever having been submerged beneath waters except those of the most tranquil character.

"In another publication when discussing the origin of fusain, I called attention to the fact that the 'ulmohumic' decomposition products were insoluble in water at ordinary temperature after they have once been concentrated and dried. This has been pointed out also by Collin Rae and others. With this fact in mind, the fragments of wood, bark, stem, fern leaf, and other debris, now fusain, covering innumerable bedding planes in the coal may be regarded as undecayed or partly decayed plant debris which lay on the surface when the evaporation of the water cover had exposed the top of the bog.

"Under these conditions, the toxic decomposition matter in the solution, as concentrated by evaporation, impregnated and dried on the surface of pinnule, stem, and food fragment. It not only protected them for a time from weathering, but by its insolubility and toxic composition it left them protected from, and resistant to, the renewal of microbian action, that is, it prevented further decomposition from occurring when the surface was again submerged and the deposition of peat was resumed.

"In some coal beds and in benches of other beds, which were presumably laid down in a swamp that was at all times covered with water layers of fusain are relatively rare or even wanting; in others, they appear to form a large part of the coal. Occasionally but rarely, the fusain forms thin beds or lenses several centimeters thick. In some cases, it is jumbled and confused as by slight wave action. Fusain frequently occurs in anthracite, though it appears to have been crushed in the course of the great pressure stresses to which the anthracite beds were subjected. To a considerable extent, the thicker layers in anthracite are rubbed and eroded in the process of preparation for the market. Pennsylvania, Colorado, and Washington anthracites are apt to be broken along such bedding planes as are covered by fusain, in spite of an apparent partial cementation in these layers."
—Coal Age.

Loquacious Nag

They tell of a young married artist in Washington Square who has a predilection for talking in his sleep. Several times recently he mentioned the name "Irene," and his spouse questioned him about it.

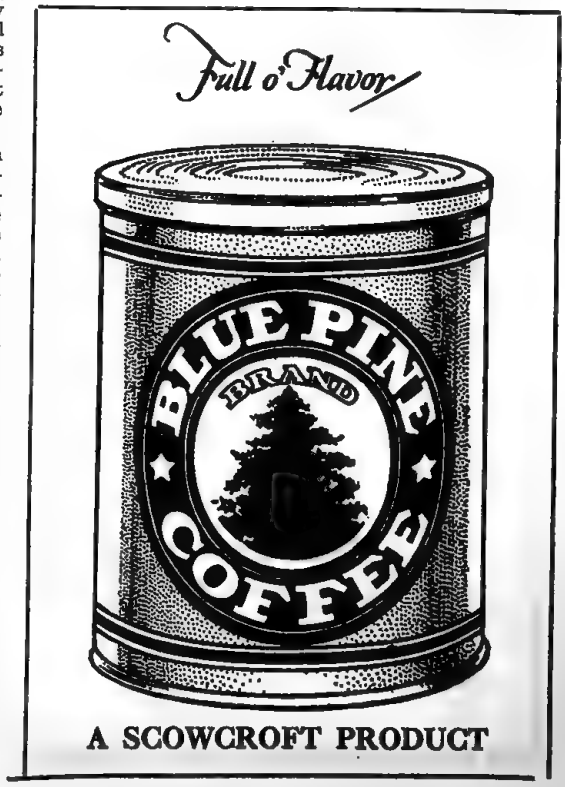
"Oh, that," said he, thinking fast, "is the name of a horse."

Several days later when he came home he asked his wife the news of the day. "Nothing exciting happened," she said, "except your horse called you up twice."—Shoe Works Journal.

Some Provider

"Is your husband much of a provider, Milandy?"

"He jes' ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine to git some new furniture providin' he gits de money; he gwine to git de money providin' he go to work; he go to work providin' de job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days."—Exchange.



Well! Here we are again!

Confidentially friends, you are commencing to think of spring house cleaning, which means you will paint and freshen up certain rooms, pieces of furniture, etc.

A lot of people don't know that we carry at every store a complete line of

Paints
all the colors of inside and outside paint, white enamel, etc.

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Varnolac, in the diffierent shades, also a line of floor varnishes.

Kalsomine
all the colors that are made, its fine to brighten up a room at a low cost.

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both bright and dull finish, also top dressing.

Brushes—A complete line of brushes for any kind of painting, at an assortment of prices.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

OF

The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

At the close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES		
Loans and Discounts	$ 891,162.19	DEPOSITS		$1,695,012.82
Liberty Bonds	100,000.00	Circulation		100,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	135,085.00	Capital	$100,000.00	
Bonds, Warrants and Securities	68,885.61	Surplus	75,000.00	
Banking House	169,985.80	Profits	3,683.62	
Furniture and Fixtures	27,788.91			178,683.62
Real Estate Owned	18,936.54			
Cash on hand, due from banks and U. S. Treasury	561,851.39			
	$1,973,696.44			$1,973,696.44

Actual Cash Reserve	31.3 Per Cent
Stocks and Bonds Reserve	17.0 Per Cent
Available Reserve	48.3 Per Cent

"No one," says President Coolidge, "is so poor that he cannot afford to be thrifty. No one is so rich that he does not need to be thrifty." The margin between success and failure, between a respectable place in life and oblivion, is very narrow; it is measured by a single word—**THRIFT**. The one who saves is the one who will win.

NORTH SIDE STATE BANK

"The People's Bank"

Capital and Surplus $150,000.00

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Rock Springs, Wyoming

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The man, woman, boy or girl who can save has CHARACTER.

For saving means self discipline—the greatest character force of all.

It means deciding how much you can save; then starting; and then sticking to your resolution.

A well-kept bank book is the finest testimonial that anyone could have. It shows that you are boss of yourself.

We will help you save by laying out savings plans for you. As little as one dollar starts you on your saving way at this bank. Come in and let's get acquainted.

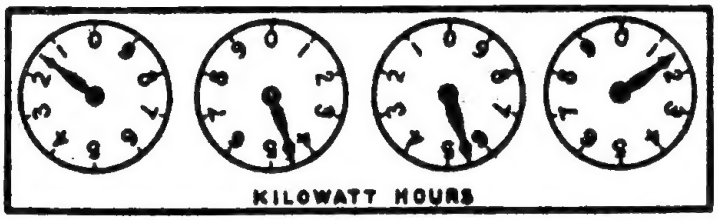
The Rock Springs National Bank

Rock Springs, - Wyoming

HOW TO READ YOUR ELECTRIC METER?

Electricity meters are, in reality, small motors in which the speed is proportional to the power passing through it and the revolving element operates a registering mechanism on which the energy consumption is recorded.

House meters usually have four dials and these record the amount of electricity used in kilowatt hours (K. W. H.)

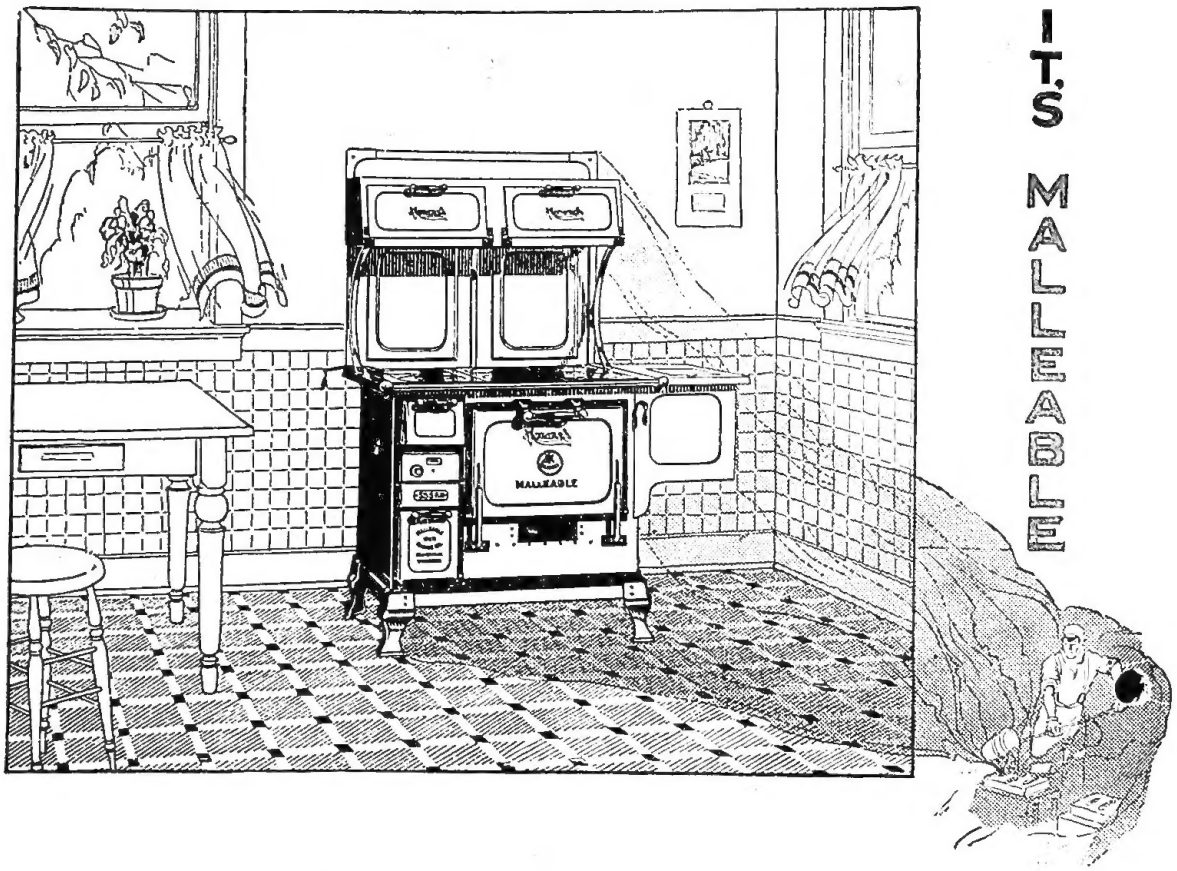


Read the dials from RIGHT TO LEFT and note down in same order lowest number that pointers have passed. The amount used since the last reading is the difference between the two readings. For example:

Meter above reads - - - - - -	**1541 K. W. H.**
If previous reading were - - - -	**921 K. W. H.**
Amount consumed - - - - -	**620 K. W. H.**

Southern Wyoming Electric Company

Park Hotel Bldg. Rock Springs, Wyoming Telephone 61



Malleable Iron Construction assures permanent tightness and a leak-proof oven, all joints being strongly riveted together.

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